JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 15. | SATURDAY, SEPT. 15th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

John Bull's Biscuits.

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

John Bull in the City.—Waring and Gillow

John Bull in the Courts.

Our Bankruptcy Laws—concluded.

Among the Books and Theatres. By Frank Harris.

Continental Casinos. By Jim Crow.

For John Bull's Women-Folk. By Mrs. Bull.

John Bull's Open Post-Cards.

Cartoon.

The Autobiography of R. S. Sievier.

A New Cure for Unhappiness.

Tales of Bohemia Land.

Bull's-Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes and Ideas. By W. Lotinga ("Larry Lynx" of *The People*,) etc. etc.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

£5,000 FOR OUR READERS.

The success of JOHN BULL has been unique. Nothing like it has been known in modern journalism. It is the talk of the trade. The public wanted a change from namby-pamby rubbish, vulgar personalities, ponderous platitudes. The man in the street wanted an organ. JOHN BULL supplied that want.

There are still, however, certain people who, apparently, have not heard of our paper. Otherwise, of course, they would buy it. In fact, they would not be happy till they got it. This state of things must be remedied. How is it to be done? There is but one way—advertising. Now, advertising costs money, whatever method you adopt. Ask any society leader, or politician, or philanthropist. So we have set aside another

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

How shall we spend it? Here is an idea. We will, at Christmas next, distribute

ONE THOUSAND FIVE POUND NOTES

amongst the thousand readers who between now and then, in our opinion, render us the best service in pushing the sale of JOHN BULL.

Will you have a try for one? "Yes," you say, "but what am I to do?" We will tell you. Look around and think. Are you in an office or a factory? Well, what about the chap next to you, and the one in front, and the other one, over there! Just say to him, very quietly and sweetly,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' P"

And when you go to lunch or dinner, just take the paper out of your pocket, carelessly exposing the title, chuckle over the "Bulls' Eyes," or the "Open Post-Cards," or some other feature, and then, addressing the company generally, ask

"Have You Read 'John Bull' P"

Look at that individual, standing at the corner of the street, and that one, waiting for a 'bus, and that other one, in the corner of the car.
Put the question to him,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' P"

Then, there is the local newsagent. Ask him about the paper. Ask him to push it for all he is worth. And the bookstall clerk. Ask him to oblige you by placing it in front. Tell him it means a fiver to you. Don't, of course, attempt to bribe him. Simply say you are not greedy or selfish.

Again, when friends come to tea, or you visit them, don't waste time talking about the weather, but come at once to the point—

"Have You Read 'John Bull'?"

Then read them a bit from your copy—first warning them not to have any cake in their mouths, for fear of choking, as the jokes are trotted out.

And when you write to your aunt or your uncle, your sister or brother, cousin or sweetheart, just put a "P.S." at the end—

"Have You Read 'John Bull' P"

And when the rate collector, or the landlord, or the gas-meter man calls, or the postman, or the dustman, or even the cat's meat man—always the same old question.

"Have You Read 'John Bull' P"

Of course, in all these cases, you will follow up by telling what a ripping paper it is; how long the week seems till it comes round—and anything else that occurs to you at the moment.

Don't be disheartened if now and then you get—a rude reply. Remember the story of the young man who told a friend that whenever he found himself alone with a pretty girl, he asked her to let him kiss her. "Surely," said his friend, "you must get a lot of rebuffs?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but I also get a lot of kissing."

Now go ahead and see what you can do for us.

"But what about that Five Pound Note?" you say. Yes, we had almost forgotten to tell you.

HERE IS OUR SCHEME.

BETWEEN NOW AND TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, YOU MUST LET US KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING FOR US. REPORT TO US AS OFTEN AS EVER YOU LIKE. WE WILL SEND YOU FORMS AND ENVELOPES FOR THE PURPOSE, IF YOU ASK US FOR THEM. BUT YOU NEED NOT USE THEM. ORDINARY LETTERS WILL DO. WE SHALL CAREFULLY NOTE WHAT YOU SAY, AND SHALL ALSO BE HAPPY TO CONSIDER ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU MAY MAKE.

On MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th,
ONE THOUSAND FIVE-POUND NOTES

will be distributed equally amongst the one thousand readers who, in our opinion, have rendered us the best service. Of course, the main test will be the obtaining of new readers. You get them—and we will keep them. But we are aware that, in many cases, it may be impracticable to actually trace the result of your efforts. That, however, need not dismay you. We will judge of your work, FAIRLY AND GENEROUSLY.

We need not enlarge upon the scores of things which a FIVE POUND NOTE at Christmas time will do. Each reader will work that out for himself. The bank notes will be sent by registered post, the number of each note being carefully taken. They will arrive by first post on the morning of Monday, December 24th—Christmas Eve.

BUT NO REPORT WILL BE CONSIDERED WHICH ARRIVES AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING THIS SCHEME MUST BE ADDRESSED TO

The Secretary,
John Bull, Ltd.,
Finsbury House,
London, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

No. 15. Saturday, September 15th, 1906. One Penny.

NOTICES, &c.

The Publishing Office of JOHN BULL *is at* 186, *Fleet Street, E.C., where all trade inquiries should be sent.*
The Editorial Offices are at 56a, *Pall Mall, S.W.*
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.
All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for all particulars.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.

UNITED KINGDOM — — — — — — 6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION — — — 8s. 8d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

All communications to be addressed to the Publisher, JOHN BULL, 186, *Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

LONDON HIPPODROME
TWICE DAILY,
at 2 and 8 p.m.
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SIGN. MARIA BORDIN, Premiere Danseuse.
MDLLE. ANNE DANCREY, Perzina's Trained Animals,
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In close proximity to all the leading places of Entertainment.

EXCELLENT CATERING AT STRICTLY MODERATE TARIFF;
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The Choicest Wines and Liqueurs and Finest Brands of Cigars a Specialite.

Telephone:
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KENT—Picturesque little Freehold Country House and 2 acres, 22 miles south of London; return fare 1/6: house has every convenience bath-room (h & c); price £200 Cash. Mortgage £400. Rutters, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand.

JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 36.

For singing at the Brighton Hippodrome, then taking a motor boat, drifting seven miles out to sea and signalling for help (with an oar and a motor-veil), and thus securing the increased sympathy of the public,

MISS VESTA VICTORIA
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 37.

For sentencing a labourer to one month's hard labour for gathering mushrooms from a private field,

THE GRIMSBY MAG STRATES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 38.

For appointing himself Dictator-in-General to the Dramatic Critics,

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

but we shall only send it to him one week after it has been baked.

AWARD NO. 39.

For telling his audience that "if they would only be silent, he could hear what they were saying,"
MR. D. C. CUMMINGS, President of the Trades Union Congress
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

warranted to have been turned out by Union labour.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

JOHN BULL is the most popular English paper in Servia. Our intervention secured an enthusiastic reception for the new British Minister, and no regicides took part. All the Belgrade papers are either eulogising JOHN BULL or calling us vampires. We have, however, won all along the line, and intend to continue our interest in Servian affairs until every prominent regicide is removed from the public service.

In the meantime, we note with satisfaction that the whole of the officers belonging to the anti-regicide party have threatened to leave the army in a body unless the remaining regicide officers are placed on the retired list by the end of October.

It was surely an act of very questionable taste on the part of the *Daily Express* to publish, with flaring headlines, at this particular moment, that imaginary interview between the correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, alleged to have taken place at Marienbad. Even if the statements attributed to Sir Henry were made by him, there is nothing whatever new about them, and, with scarcely an exception, they represent what the man in the street is beginning to say; but to make public and reckless charges against the patriotism of the Prime Minister at the time that he is standing at the open grave of his wife, broken and bowed down with grief, is surely the latest development of the New Journalism. We venture to prophesy it will not catch on.

We can hardly credit the statements attributed to the Natal Colonial Treasurer to the effect that the Govern-

ment intend to prevent natives from appealing from magistrates' judgments. The reason is alleged that: "Constant appeals, resulting in reversal of magistrates' judgments are exercising a baneful influence on the natives." Pending the meeting of Parliament, we can only draw the attention of the Aborigines Protection Society to the matter. It seems an outrage to deny subjects of the Crown the right of appeal to higher Courts, especially on the ground that such appeals are usually successful.

Although the simple life may not appeal to everyone, the simple burial is rapidly coming into form. Following the example of the late Mr. Alfred Beit, who was buried in the quiet little churchyard of Terwin, the late Lady Campbell-Bannerman was laid to rest in the old grave-garden of Meigle. We have always admired the simple rites of a Jewish burial, where the dead of the highest are buried in deal coffins, just like those of the humblest station. "Deal levels all" is one of the tenets of Judaism.

Two contrasts:—

Daily Express.

Lady Townshend, not content with being a marchioness, has ambitions to be a poetess also; but she can hardly be said to have been well advised in publishing her "poems" to the world.

Still less well advised was it to include in the little volume, "In the King's Garden" (John Long, 5s.), a gushy preface by a Mr. James Weller.

Mr. Weller tells us that "Lady Townshend has in this little volume shown herself to the world"; that "in the darkest hours of her womanhood has this young author been prompted to write these verses" and, further, that the poems "are word pictures—simple, some will say, yet full of life, of feeling, sighing out the sensations of a soul bowed down with sorrow."

After such a preface, one turns to the poems with certain expectations, but unhappily, whatever may be the writer's intention, the power of expression is woefully lacking.

Daily Mirror.

The Marchioness of Townshend is a personality who has been of late much in the public eye, and the publication of a prettily-arranged little volume of verse, "The King's Garden," yesterday, is a literary event of considerable interest.

The poems, of which that which gives its title to the book is much the longest, are, as hinted in the modest and charmingly written preface furnished by Mr. James Weller, autobiographical—that is to say, they accurately represent passages in the interior personal history of their writer; they are emotional snapshots, so to speak, of their author's soul at moments of strong emotion.

"As," says Mr. Weller, "St. Paul wrote the most powerful of his epistles from his prison-house at Rome, as the Psalmist sang his 'De Profundis' when confronted with the greatest difficulties and dangers of his life, so in the darkest hours of her womanhood has this young author been prompted to write these verses."

You pays your halfpennies and you takes your choice.

The directors of the Collis Diamond Syndicate, to whom we paid some attention last week, are already beginning to hedge. In their report which has just been issued, they say:—

> "The directors have contracted to purchase the Xema for the sum of £7,500, *in the event of diamonds being located and the work of the syndicate continuing to be carried on.*"

There was no "in the event" about the matter when Mr. Collis planted those shares, at high premiums, on the public!

There is a possibility that the verdict of the Court Martial in the case of Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan of the "Montagu" will be revised by the Admiralty. It seems that a great deal of new evidence has come to light, and has been handed to three experts for report. John Bull, it will be recalled, has taken a merciful, or rather a humane, view of the case, and if further evidence should make it possible for greater leniency to be shown to these two officers, we shall be among the first to congratulate them.

Why will the *Express* make itself so stupendously idiotic? It does not appear to have the slightest sense of responsibility, or the slightest notion of suiting its headlines to the matter beneath them. Not many days ago it printed an undigested yarn about the probable resignation of Mr. Haldane, and denied it the next morning. A few days later we were invited to read that "Astounding Interview" which C.-B. had given to the *Neue Freie Presse*. Really, the *Express* presumes too much on the silly season.

German humour is of sorts. For instance, a Berlin newspaper says that when the German and British navies are equal, Germany will pledge herself not to further increase her fleet. The German representative should repeat this masterly joke at The Hague Conference when it meets, and carefully watch the effect on the British delegates.

One of the questions which the silly season controversialists might add to the number already before the public, is whether marriage pays; that is to say, whether it inclines towards bankruptcy, speculation, or sound investment. A Chicago firm has recently put into operation a sliding scale of bounties with the object of inducing their employees to marry, but there are no signs that any London firm is inclined to copy. The truth is, the encouragement of marriage would break down the "living-in" system, and the "living-in" system is the buttress of cheap labour, made efficient by fear and sacrifice of liberty.

The Bishop of Carlisle is one of the free-speaking, unconventional prelates who doesn't mind lending a hand in his own hayfield now and again, but unless a Bishop can do something better when he opens his mouth than put his foot in it, he would perform a greater public service by keeping it securely closed. The tragic story he has to tell—the old, old tragic story—is that thirty years of popular education has done nothing for the masses of the people except to make them worse. It seems they do not murder as much as they used to because they employ their time in being more immoral; that they commit fewer burglaries because they commit more forgeries; and that they have become more sober in order to indulge in more gambling. Of course the logic of the indictment is that the masses should never have been educated at all; only the classes, inclusive of the episcopacy. If years ago somebody had found the Right Rev. Father in God in the gutter and left him there, he would not to-day have been a descendant of the apostles; he might (such is life!) have been pushing a banana barrow down the Old Kent Road. As a matter of fact, the Bishop was born lucky, and got a college education—which seems to have done no harm to those shining virtues which he shares with the upper classes. On the other side of the wall, the Church has been educating the masses, with half-hours off for "religion," and the result, according to his lordship, is only an increased refinement in their manifold sins and wickednesses. We wonder whether the Bishop realises what his indictment implies.

A gentleman named Bloom has inaugurated the S.P.W.P.P., which, being interpreted, is the Society for Putting Women in their Proper Places, wherever those places may be. It appears to owe its origin to the heroines and martyrs of Cavendish Square; and the S.P.W.P.P. apparently does not think that Cavendish Square, the Parliamentary polling booth, and the House of Commons are "places within the meaning of the Act." The eccentricities of the Suffragettes apart, it seems to us that the essential logic of that fact must inevitably

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

give women the Parliamentary vote sooner or later, whether they want it or not. They have already the right to vote in local elections, and to sit on some local bodies; and the way some women do sit on such bodies is good for the eyesight.

One of the more eminent bacteriologists, Professor Metchnikoff, thinks it necessary to warn people against eating raw fruit. The warning is a long-standing one, yet people continue to eat raw fruits, apparently confident that a merciful Providence will sustain them in their gastronomical ecstasies. Professor Metchnikoff points to no fanciful danger. At the best, to eat raw fruit is to snatch a fearful joy. Not only the luscious strawberry, but raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries form the happy homes of millions of dangerous bacteria. Have you ever tried the experiment of placing a ripe strawberry on a hot plate? The animals coming out of the ark were not in it. (By the way, we copyright this phrase).

It is a hard life, and if somebody would only invent something one could eat with safety he would deserve a first-class certificate as a friend of humanity. We are warned against bacteria at every turn. They go for us at breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and supper. They linger in the bed curtains, and fly at us from the drawing-room cushions and carpets. They endanger our lives in train, tram, and 'bus. We inhale them as we go to our business, inhale them when we get there, and inhale them when we return home. They won't leave us alone when it is wet, and they are at us when it is dry. They even attack members of Parliament in the sacred precincts of the House. If man had been a perfect machine, he would have been made either germ resisting, or have been fitted with automatic machinery to sustain life with food drawn from within himself. In that case he would not only have lived longer, but would have saved money. Still, we have been taught that everything in the world, living and dead, has its function and its destiny. What is the mission of our fellow creatures, these microbes?

As Sir Victor Horsley speaks with almost unrivalled authority, we are bound to give attention to his statements that the value of alcohol as a drug is practically nil, and that "so-called moderate and steady drinkers are the most de-vitalised and degenerate of all users of alcohol," and that a "very large proportion of the diseases of modern civilisation are directly or indirectly due to the action of alcohol on cells and nerves." We should, however, like to hear the views of other distinguished medical men—many of whom assert that the moderate use of alcohol is beneficial to the human system in its normal condition, and that its use in certain classes of illness is invaluable.

So do not let us talk clap-trap. Drink is indeed the national curse. But is it a cause so much as an effect? Is it a fundamental evil or a symptom? Do you remember that passage in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (and Oliver Wendell Holmes was a physician): "I think you will find it true that before any vice can fasten on a man, his body, mind, or moral nature must be debilitated." And then comes this memorable phrase: "Whenever the wandering demon of drunkenness finds a ship adrift—no steady wind in its sails, no thoughtful pilot directing its course—he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the maelstrom."

The advertisement which Mr. Bourchier inserted in the newspapers before the production of "The Morals of Marcus" has justly secured one of our biscuits. The papers have taken their lecture lying down. Readers are sacrificed to advertisers. And yet what is the effect of Mr. Bourchier's pronouncement? He says: "My performances are seen under fairer advantages to play and players after the first few performances. But I cannot afford to run more dress rehearsals, and am anxious to get the public to pay for admission to my theatre before the dramatic critics have had an opportunity of saying whether my plays are worth seeing or not." In the meantime, for one whole week Mr. Bourchier is filling the Garrick Theatre with people who don't know what they are paying for. The fact that the play may indeed be well worth seeing does not affect our argument.

Mr. Bourchier says that "by keeping out the critics for a week, he is assisting dramatic criticism from sinking into the obscurity of mere 'reporting,' which the present system of writing against time owing to the lateness of the hour now necessitates." But even after the lapse of a week the critic will still be "writing against time owing to the lateness of the hour," for the performance will end at practically the same hour as on the first night, and his paper will go to press no later than usual. If Mr. Bourchier's solicitude for the critic is so deep, he should adopt the very sensible suggestion that first performances of new plays should be given at matinées.

There has been a literary competition at Hull among the youth of that northern city, the subject being "Alcohol," and the topic has inspired the entrants to thrilling effort. One essayist states that "a teetotaller is strong, and has a better chance to get on in life, while a drunkard is weak and fat, and stands at a street corner all his life." The truth, of course, is that he stands only so long as he has a pillar-box or a lamp-post to hold on by, or some other visible means of support. Another of the essayists profoundly observes that alcohol "causes liver complaint and consumption, and cities and nations are much more fatal, for shortened lives have been increased." Still another says that as a consequence of alcohol, "doctors state that fatal diseases are the worst." Certainly the number of people who do not recover from fatal diseases in this country is appalling.

The advertising business is prosperous. Miss Camille Clifford and the Hon. Mr. Bruce are still being interviewed. Miss Clifford is kind enough to divulge that diamonds are her favourite gems; that she will not persuade her husband to enter Parliament, "as anybody can get there," that she has no ambition to become a Parliamentary hostess; that she has had an offer from a music-hall at a fabulous salary; and that she is going to resume her part in a theatre, and have three new songs all to herself. On his part, Mr. Bruce tells the populace that he has bought a motor-car repairing shop; that they will find it in the Waterloo Road; and that they may rely on repairs being done with efficiency, neatness, and despatch. The only other person concerned, Lord Aberdare, does not advertise. He merely remarks that the young man's allowance will cease.

Upon the general question of peers and peers' sons marrying actresses, Miss Clifford, having noticed in her journey through life that actresses are "human beings, like anybody else," asserts that "the world would be much better off it it would only let the people on the stage alone. How often do we see elephants made out of mosquitos?" This is a new problem in the higher zoology, probably, and we frankly give it up. It is true that Sydney Smith once averred that elephants were always drawn smaller than life, and fleas always larger, but the relation of art to the Zoo, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring," have nothing to do with the case. There is always one way of teaching people to mind their own business when the raptures of an adoring love induce a lady on the stage to accept the reversion of a coronet. She can get married, and say as little as possible about it.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

THE COMING CRASH.

The Responsibility of the Auditors and Directors.

Alone, in the Press, we have been engaged for weeks past in exposing the rotten financial condition—as indicated by the recently-published accounts—of Waring and Gillow, Limited. We have directed attention to the scandalous methods adopted by the directors—apparently with the consent or connivance of the auditors, Messrs. Franklin, Wild. and Co.—to conceal from the shareholders and creditors, and the public, the true state of affairs. The paucity of liquid cash has been obscured by lumping together "cash and investments"—an unprecedented thing—whilst the fact that the "investments" themselves are pawned up to the hilt is glossed over, in brackets, and all sorts of other devices are resorted to, with the object of hiding the ugly state of affairs which really exists. We have pointed out the suspicious nature of the book-debt item, and the even more suspicious qualification in the auditors' certificate at the foot of the balance-sheet, by which they seek to divest themselves of all responsibility for the value placed upon the "investments." We have requested to know the nature of the "requirements" which Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co., in discharge of their duty to the shareholders, have made upon the directors, and we have challenged the production of the "auditors' report," stated to have been read to the meeting of shareholders, and which report, in our view, ought, in law, to have been circulated with the accounts. We have asked questions about legal proceedings in which the Company has been concerned, with heavy loss; about threatened and actual writs at the instance of wholesale houses; about goods being sold at less than cost price—and various other matters. To all these criticisms and questions both the directors and auditors have turned deaf ears. The circulation of John Bull, however, is extensive, and what the Company has affected to treat with indifference, the public has regarded as most serious. Not only has there been a substantial fall in the price of the shares—for which there are no buyers anywhere—but the trade and the Press are at length awakening to the truth. Thus, the *Daily Mail*, under the direction of its recently-appointed City Editor, has felt constrained to break silence, and just as we had gone to Press with our last issue, it came out with this significant, if somewhat cryptic, paragraph:—

> Furnishing Company Trouble.
>
> In view of the exaggerated rumours that are beginning to reach the Stock Exchange, it may be as well to say that while it is true that one of the big furnishing companies has certainly aroused suspicion in trade circles by a constant change of its manufacturers, which is a method sometimes adopted by embarrassed businesses to obtain extension of credit, yet there is good ground for hope that any embarrassment may prove merely temporary. Some of the largest creditors, it appears, have met recently, and have decided to exercise no immediate pressure, and it is hoped that it will be possible to make arrangements to meet the engagements of the next few weeks in such a way as to satisfy these creditors, and even to re-establish the company's credit with certain wholesale houses which have for some time past held aloof. There can be no doubt as to the enterprising management with which the company is conducted, and there are many worse faults than laying the foundation of an enormous business on comparatively slender resources, although it is a fault which sometimes, of course, leads to serious consequences.

Of course, it would have been a gracious act on the part of our powerful contemporary had it given us the credit for leading the attack upon this much-boomed and advertised concern—but let that pass. What is the real meaning of this paragraph? First, that Waring's, in order "to obtain extension of credit," has "aroused suspicion in trade circles by a constant change of its manufacturers," that there has been a meeting of "some of the largest creditors," who have decided "to exercise *no immediate* pressure." And all this on the very morrow of a general meeting of the Company, at which dividends are declared, and all kinds of high falutin' claptrap indulged in as to the wonderful position of the undertaking! Can it have been that all this shouting—all this flaunting of royalty—was intended as a prelude to another issue of capital? If so, it is now too late. Instead of inflation there must be contraction and consolidation—in a word, reconstruction.

In a sense, we are sorry. We agree with the *Daily Mail* that there is not such a plethora of enterprise in these days that go-ahead firms are to be discouraged. Our contemporary, however, takes an exceptionally lenient view when it says that "there are many worse faults than laying the foundation of an enormous business on comparatively slender resources." One of such "worse faults" surely is the obtaining of credit and the placing of shares by *suppressio veri—suggestio falsi* methods. Let Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co., the auditors, compare their "accounts" in this case with those, recently issued, of Guinness. Here is a trading concern, with powerful rivals, but it publishes both a balance-sheet and a profit and loss account. There is no lumping "cash and investments" together; no imaginary "reserve and undivided profits"; no qualifying clause in the auditors' certificate. We say, without hesitation, that if great loss accrues to creditors and others who have acted upon the faith of Waring and Gillow's recent "accounts," much of the responsibility will rest upon Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co.

The *Daily Mail* thinks that it will be "possible to make arrangements to . . . re-establish the Company's credit." We wish we could share this sanguine view, but all the known facts suggest a different conclusion.

Let it be understood that the only accounts at present before the public are those for last year. How far the position has changed since then we can only surmise. But if one half of what we hear be true, the firm is now almost *in extremis*.

At the time of going to press—which we are obliged to do several days before our date of publication—there are rumours to the effect that the Prudential Assurance Company are likely to come to the rescue of the firm, but we very much doubt whether this Office will look beyond the new building for security for anything it may do—and we also doubt whether there is any margin left in this direction.

What her Majesty the Queen and other distinguished personages, who were persuaded to lend their patronage and presence to the opening of the new premises, will think of the use which has been made of their names; what the shareholders will think of the way in which vital information was kept back at the recent meeting; what the Institute of Chartered Accountants will think of the part played by Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co., the auditors; and what the principal creditors, who "have decided to exercise no immediate pressure" will do in the near future—these are all questions which must of necessity soon be answered.

In the meantime, we venture to express the hope that John Bull has further justified its existence by its timely intervention in the affairs of this inflated concern.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

Chairman and Shareholders.

We have said a good deal about the responsibility of the auditors of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., in failing to warn the shareholders of the company of its real position, and in allowing the accounts to go to them in a very misleading form. But Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. may at least plead, for what it is worth, that, so far as they were concerned, there was no direct misrepresentation. Even that poor plea cannot be entered by the chairman of the company. In his speech at the annual general meeting he directly and deliberately misled the shareholders. This is a very serious thing to allege, but it can be proved to demonstration. Whatever the future may have in store for Waring and Gillow, Ltd., whether creditors and others come to its help and enable it to stagger on without reconstruction or not, this much is certain—that at the date of the general meeting its credit with the trade was as bad as it well could be; that wholesale houses with whom it had done large business had refused to give further credit, and had actually issued, or had threatened to issue, writs for moneys due to them. It was whilst this was happening, and the means of extrication were not apparent, that the annual meeting was held, and the chairman made the following statements, among others :—

> "The business has met with a degree of success which is almost phenomenal."
> * * * * * *
> "To-day we are in an assured position."
> * * * * * *
> "Not only is success attained, the expansion in the general trade is already four times greater in volume than he had calculated would be sufficient to meet the increase in expenses."
> * * * * * *
> "We may look forward with confidence. . . . The fact that the dividend had been paid, demonstrated, he hoped, to the minds of the shareholders that everything was in good order."

These statements are taken from the official report of the proceedings at the meeting as reported in the *Financial News* of August 3, 1906.

We make every allowance for a chairman placed as Mr. S. J. Waring, junior, was placed, when he gave these assurances to the assembled shareholders, but in the light of what is now known, and is public property, they were highly reprehensible.

MARKET KEYNOTES.

The Relapse in Consols.

Consols are now within measurable distance of their lowest price of modern times—85, touched in the darkest days of 1904. Yet trade is booming, finance is expanding, and no big new issues are impending. True, New York is attracting gold, but this is always so in the autumn, and should cause no alarm, especially as the Bank's position is stronger than it was at this time last year. As soon as the wheat-moving period is over, we may expect to see money cheap again, and gilt-edged stocks in the ascendant. This summer has played havoc among the millionaires, and Mr. Asquith will feel the benefit next spring. There should be a nice sum available for the sinking fund when the next Budget comes round.

Wall Street's Winning Cards.

Wall Street is already beginning to feel the usual autumn money pinch. The fact that the insiders are endeavouring to put up prices at this season shows their hurry to unload before the Bryan boom further develops. Next year may not be favoured with bumper crops, and in the period of trade reaction that would then ensue the anti-trust and tariff reform agitation would receive an immense fillip. The insiders have many bull points up their sleeves meanwhile. They can advance dividends in many instances, although this means paying away money which will have later on to be replaced by new capital issues in order to effect the gigantic extensions planned for and demanded by the new West. On the other hand, the big railroad magnates can, if it suits their book, bring about a dramatic fall in prices at any moment, owing to their predominant influence over the chief New York banks. Wall Street holds the winning cards either way.

What Bankets are Worth.

The Rhodesian Banket Company seems to flourish on a policy of secrecy. For some weeks the shares have been rising on those vague rumours of "satisfactory developments" that the market loves to pass on as inspired news from mouth to mouth, and which gain in colour on their journey. Early last week the secretary of the company informed a shareholder by letter that there was "no vestige of truth" in the suggestion of unfavourable results at the second level. Yet two days later the directors issued a voluminous report, giving a mass of technical detail, but admitting substantially the adverse statements so emphatically denied by the secretary. The ore reserves were given by Dr. Hans Sauer at the meeting last December as 90,000 tons. The manager's estimate this July is 56,239 tons—a remarkable discrepancy. Assuming the latest figures are reliable, Bankets appear worth 5s. on the results actually achieved!

The hop outlook is worse than for many years. Poor *Brewery* shareholders! All men are against them, and now the weather has joined their enemies. How galling must be the probate figures of the brewery magnates who sold their businesses to the public ten years ago—and have since slept soundly in the House of Lords.

INQUIRIES.

Provident Association of London.—A Constant Reader.—(Balham).—We cannot continue the discussion as to the merits of the Association, nor can we pretend to have sympathy with people who do not take the trouble to read the conditions under which bonds are issued.

Spencer Santo Shares.—Anxious (Clapham Common).—We are sorry that by following the advice of our contemporary "M.A.P.," and buying the shares recommended, you have incurred loss. Our advice to you is to cut it.

Provident Association, Dublin.—Unrest (Weston-Super-Mare).—Send us the precise name and address.

Holford and Co.—D. E. (Camden Town).—(1) We are obliged to you for the papers, which will have our attention. (2) We take note of what you say about other matters.

National Benefit Building Society.—H. S. C. (Bristol).—We are afraid we cannot help you to find a purchaser for the bond. It would have to be a matter of private negotiation. You do not say how long you have been paying upon it. Will not the society give you a surrender value?

Safe Investment.—J. E. R. (Birmingham).—The company has been doing business of the 30 per cent. kind for many years, but so far as we know it has always kept its engagements, and is financially sound.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—Hamlet (Stourport).—We will look into the matter, and answer your questions next week.

Investment of £5.—P. A. C. (Taunton).—(1) We strongly advise you to keep your £5 in the Savings Bank until it has grown a little larger. If you put it into "cheap mining shares" you are more likely than not to lose it, and something more with it. (2) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name.

Druce, Limited.—Raffia (Malton).—We do not quite know what you mean by "reliable" in this connection. The company has been formed for the purpose of finding funds to meet the heavy legal charges inseparable from the prosecution of claims to the ownership of the Portland Estates, and, of course, in the hope that the litigation will be successful, and so place the claimant, who may be described as the "vendor" to the company, in possession of large funds. Obviously, the purchase of shares of the company would be a most speculative one. We must not be understood as expressing any opinion upon the question of ownership at issue, but, assuming the claim to be well founded—and we know nothing to warrant any such assumption—the difficulties in the way of establishing it must be very great.

Cost of Discharge.—J. M. (Llandovery).—You would have to pay the following fees:—Stamp on application, 20s.; two "Gazette" notices, 10s.; fee, for notifying creditors of application, 1s. for every creditor notified.

Corporation Bonds.—W. R. (Yarmouth). Foreign Corporation Bonds should be bought through a foreign banker. You will find a list of them in Kelly's London Directory.

National Benefit Trust.—H. F. (Silloth).—We answered a similar question in our last issue. The Trust has been in existence many years, and we believe it to be well managed. We have no doubt that you would be "perfectly safe" in dealing with it. We thank you for your pleasant reference to "John Bull."

Safe Investment.—Tip (Montague Square).—You ask us to give you "one or two good Industrial concerns for an investment of £100," and our opinion of four shares you name. We cannot advise you to buy any one of the four. You do not say what interest would satisfy you—a very important matter—but assuming you want the highest yield compatible with really good security, we recommend the ordinary shares of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, which, at their present price, and, on the basis of the last dividend, would give you over 6 per cent. with every likelihood of appreciation in the capital value of the shares.

Various Shares.—L. A. (Lowestoft).—(1) We should get rid of the Waring and Gillow, and the Spencer Santos shares upon the first opportunity. The rest might be kept for the present. (2) We must say to you, as we said to a correspondent last week, We cannot enter into a discussion as to the merits of "Marginal Investments"; we can only advise you not to dabble in them. (3) If you *will* have dealings with outside brokers, the London and Paris Exchange will treat you as fairly as any.

The Farmer's Insurance Company.—Jacques (Cardiff).—We have looked over the prospectus of this company you have sent us, and we are not favourably impressed by it. We are sceptical of the stability of insurance companies which offer greater advantages than are offered by any other Insurance company. Moreover, we do not like companies that made it a condition of employment that their servants shall buy their shares. Without expressing any opinion upon the position of the company, or its ability to carry out its engagements, we cannot advise you to take up the shares necessary, as it seems, to your obtaining a District Secretaryship.

New Rand, Limited.—W. M. (Aberdeen).—We will look into the matter, and reply to your question in our next issue.

Newspaper Shares.—Y. Z. (Darwen).—(1) The company is making large profits, and will, we think, continue to do so for some time to come; but the shares want watching. (2) We do not understand your question as to "the best method to study Income-tax and Property-tax." Do you mean its incidence, or how it is levied in foreign countries, or what? Make your meaning clearer, and we will do our best to answer you.

Hearts of Oak.—X. Y. Z. (Wombwell).—(1) It is of high standing. (2) Of the four shares we prefer No. 4. The ordinary shares of Mather and Platt would give you a better return, over 6 per cent., taking present price and last dividend, and the position of the company is very sound and hopeful.

Provident Association of London.—H. W. T.—"Satisfied" and others write corroborating, from their own experience, what we have said as to the fairness with which the Association treats its members.

Outside Broker.—A. H. (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with the firm in question.

Crown, G. M.—E. B. T. (Upper Tooting).—You are liable for any unpaid calls on the shares standing in your name at the date of the liquidation.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Liability of Auditors.

As bearing upon criticisms that have appeared in our City columns, it may be useful to go a little more closely into the legal responsibility of auditors in dealing with the assets of a company. Let us take the most important—important in the sense of disturbing—item of the Waring and Gillow balance-sheet. It is

> "Cash and investments (less loans on investments),
> "£427,782 18s. 9d."

The auditors consider they have done their duty in giving the following certificate:—

> "In our opinion the balance-sheet is properly drawn
> "up, and, *subject to the value of the investments*
> "*being as stated*, exhibits a true and correct view of the
> "state of the company's affairs, as shown by the books
> "of the company."

The words we have italicised are the only words of qualification, and possible warning, used by the auditors. Assuming closer examination to show that the value placed by the directors upon the "investments" is a fictitious value, do these words relieve the auditors of responsibility? We cannot think so.

The main authority on the point is the London and General Bank (1895), 2 Ch., 166. In this case certain declarations of principle were laid down by Lord Lindley in the Court of Appeal. He said:—

> "His (the auditor's) business is to ascertain and state
> "the true financial position of the company at the time
> "of the audit, and his duty is confined to that. But
> "then comes the question—How is he to ascertain that
> "position? The answer is by examining the books of
> "the company. But he does not discharge his duty by
> "doing this without inquiry, and without taking any
> "trouble to ascertain that the books themselves
> "show the company's true position. He must take
> "reasonable care to ascertain that they do so. Unless
> "he does this, his audit will be worse than an idle farce.
> ". . . . What is reasonable care in any particular case
> "must depend upon the circumstances of that case.
> "Where there is nothing to excite suspicion, very little
> "inquiry will be reasonably sufficient, and in practice I
> "believe business men select a few cases at haphazard,
> "see that they are right, and assume that others like
> "them are correct also. Where suspicion is aroused,
> "more care is obviously necessary."

Lord Justice Lopes added:—

> "If there is anything to excite suspicion, he (the audi-
> "tor) should probe it to the bottom."

In the case in question the auditors did probe to the bottom, and they made a special report to the directors urging that no dividend should be paid, but they were induced to omit any reference to it in the report annexed to the balance-sheet, and the Court held that they had failed in their duty, that the declaration of a dividend was the natural result of this failure of duty, and that they were liable jointly with the directors, and also severally, to repay the amount of the dividend.

The above is an authoritative exposition of the law as declared by the Court of Appeal, and one of the ablest lawyers who ever presided over it. How does Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co.'s certificate stand this test? Not at all. The balance-sheet is intended to disclose the real position of the company, and the auditors' certificate must confirm or repudiate it, must accept its figures as a trustworthy index, or reject them as false or misleading. The Waring and Gillow balance-sheet to which Messrs. Franklin, Wild's certificate is attached may or may not be properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the company's affairs. Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. may lead the unwary shareholder to think it is properly drawn up, but they do not say so, because their qualifying words, "subject to the value of the investments being as stated," nullify the whole certificate. Is the form of words enough to save them from being liable for misfeasance if the accounts are actually misleading? No. In the judgment of the Court of Appeal from which we have already quoted there is this further dictum which we commend to Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co.:—

> "It is not enough to insert such a vague phrase as
> "'The value of the assets as shown is dependent upon
> "'realisation.' If a warning is to be given, it must be
> "clear. It is not enough to give shareholders 'means of
> "'obtaining information,' they must be given the neces-
> "sary information itself."

It is true that, as required by the Act of 1900, the auditors made a report to the shareholders, and it may, of course, be that in this report they gave the information not covered by their certificate. Section 23 requires that

> "Every such report shall state whether, in their (the
> "auditors') opinion, the balance-sheet referred to in the
> "report is properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true
> "and correct view of the state of the company's affairs,
> "as shown by the books of the company."

Did they make this statement? Did they supplement the certificate, which, as we have shown, is meaningless, by the information it was their duty to submit? We have had to put this question before, and we put it again, because the report is not set out in any published account of the meeting. It is a legitimate and a necessary question to put, and we once more invite Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. to give us the means of knowing what they actually did say in their report.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

DAW (Twickenham).—Prove the owner was aware that his dog was vicious, and you will succeed in your action.

POTTER (Watford).—She is not entitled to the month's wages, having broken the terms of service. Resist the claim.

JENKINS (Leatherhead).—The trade fixtures can be taken away. All damage occasioned must be made good.

FORBES (Gloucester).—Payment to the secretary at the company's office was good, and the receipt given clears you from liability. He had express authority to issue it to you.

TREVOR (Broadstairs).—On the ground that your district court is the most convenient to both parties, the registrar will issue the plaint.

BRODIE (Wellington).—The lender is entitled to call upon you to execute a legal mortgage in accordance with the terms of the agreement for the loan.

SIMPSON (Yeovil).—The landlord having since accepted rent, with knowledge of the breach of covenant against assignment, cannot now avail himself of it.

CHESNEY (Horley).—You are bound as trustee to render a full account to the beneficiary, and produce all vouchers. If proceedings are commenced you will run the risk of having to pay all costs.

WELTON (Ealing).—Search the company's file at the Joint Stock Registry. The search fee is 1s. You may make short notes, but must not make copies.

PRICE (Witham).—Take out naturalisation papers here. Your solicitor will obtain them for you, and carry the matter through.

TICKLE (Thames Ditton).—Bring an action to have the hiring agreement set aside on the ground of misrepresentation, and if the facts are correctly stated you should succeed.

F. W. H. (Burslem).—As far as we can judge without seeing the actual agreement, it appears to us that the intention is that you should repair all inside work on the premises, and you would therefore be liable.

SUBSCRIBER (Bovey Tracey).—A bicycle is not a "necessary," and there can, therefore, be no contract between the boy and the firm. You should refuse to sign the form sent by them, and should demand the immediate return of the money paid. If it is not returned you should summon them in the county-court district where you live.

J. C. B. (Manchester).—As the local authority have themselves repaired the road, they must be assumed to have taken it over as one repairable out of the rates, and they cannot, therefore, call on the frontagers to do anything to it. The matter does not turn on the width of the road, but on the question whether it is a private one or not. Under S. 15 of the Public Health Act 75 it is the duty of the local authority to make all sewers that are needed, and you should refuse to pay. If they make any demand on you, send us a copy of the notice.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

OUR BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

V.—(*Concluded.*)

Points for Mr. Lloyd-George.—(*Continued*).

Discharge in Bankrup cy.

Some drastic amendments are necessary under this heading. Bankrupts must be relieved from the imposition of heavy fees, which now operate as a deterrent to their applying for their discharge, and are thus flooding the country with "undischarged bankrupts."

The Court, upon making an order declaring the examination of a bankrupt to be "concluded," should by the same order fix a day for his application for discharge—the interval between conclusion of public examination and the application for discharge not to exceed a month or six weeks. It would then become the practice for every bankrupt to apply on the appointed day for a discharge, and the "undischarged" bankrupts would be limited to those whom the Court refuses to discharge owing to their misconduct, and who would properly be termed "undischarged bankrupts."

To restrict the discretion of the Court as to the period during which a discharge ought to be suspended is an insult to the Court, and therefore the present limit of a minimum suspension for two years should be abolished. In fact, the system of suspending a discharge might well be abolished altogether, for reasons already pointed out. The Court should be encouraged to grant discharges upon terms which would be beneficial to creditors instead of upon the present lines of suspending the order, which benefits no one and is an anachronism. If discharges were granted more frequently upon terms as to payment of a fixed sum out of future earnings for the benefit of creditors, or the payment of a certain part of such future earnings until a specified dividend has been paid to the creditors, it would be a much more sensible and practical way of benefiting creditors than by suspending the discharge, and would, at the same time, encourage and rehabilitate the debtor.

Some legislation will be necessary to dispose of the 75,000 cases under the Act of 1883, in which the bankrupts have failed to apply for discharge. History repeats itself. The old Iinsolvency Acts did not provide any discharge or release for insolvent debtors beyond their release from prison. The Insolvent Debtors' Court was abolished in 1861, but this abolition left some thousands of insolvent debtors in the positon of undischarged bankrupts. In 1869 the Legislature provided them with a remedy by means of the "Bankruptcy Repeal and Insolvent Court Act" of that year, which enacted that at the expiration of a certain period from the commencement of the Act, or from the date of the petition, every one of these thousands of insolvent debtors should be *ipso facto* discharged from his debts by the operation of the Statute.

Again, in 1887, by the passing of the Bankruptcy (Discharge and Closure) Act, the Legislature provided a means of discharge for some thousands of bankrupts and liquidating debtors under the Act of 1869 who had been unable to obtain relief owing to the necessity imposed on them by that Act of obtaining special resolutions of creditors as a condition precedent to their being allowed to apply to the Court for their discharge. The necessity for passing these measures of relief forcibly illustrates the futility of too drastic regulations in connection with the discharge of bankrupts.

Some such provisions as were thus made for the relief of undischarged bankrupts under the former Acts might well be adopted as a method of relieving these 75,000 unfortunate victims of the present system from their disabilities.

Fees and Charges.

There should be a material reduction in the Court fees and Board of Trade charges at present levied on bankrupt estates. Let it be understood that the Court of Bankruptcy and the Bankruptcy Department exist for the benefit of the community generally, and that the assets of the estates administered under the Bankruptcy Acts should not be unduly sweated in the attempt to show that the system is self-supporting.

Moderate fees to the Court, audit fees to the Board of Trade, and fees to the Official Receiver for interim protection of estates and summoning meetings of creditors should be continued in reason.

But such fees as the obnoxious tax on proofs of debts by creditors, the prohibitive fees on applications for discharge, etc., may well be swept away.

Imprisonment for Debt.

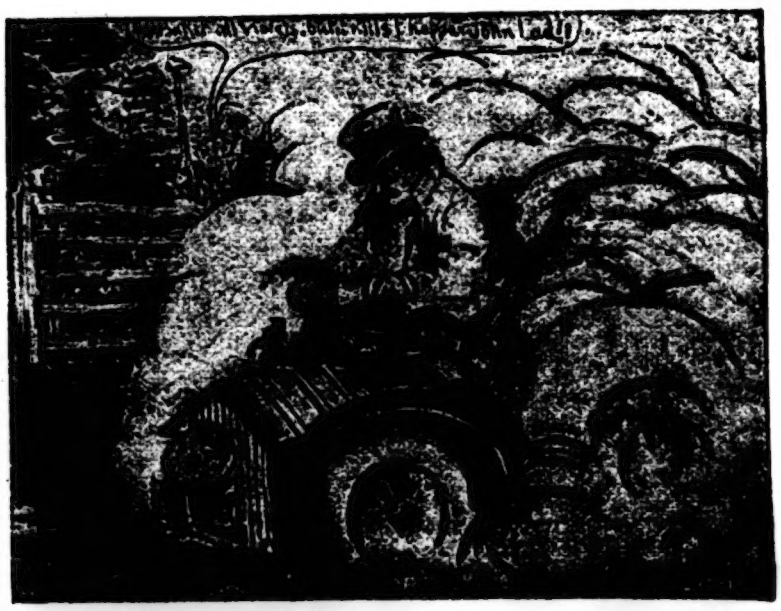
An amendment of the Bankruptcy Laws might with great advantage be accompanied by an abolition of the system of imprisonment for debt which now obtains under the guise of "Committal of a debtor to prison for contempt of Court in not obeying an order of the Court directing him to pay the amount of a judgment debt." Let creditors understand that if they choose to give credit to their customers, their remedy, on the failure of their debtors to pay, is purely the civil one of their right to recover their judgment debts either by means of executions on their debtors' goods, or, if there be no such goods available, and the debts be of sufficient amount, by applying to the Court of Bankruptcy for receiving orders against such debtors.

The following cutting from a recent issue of the *Daily Mail* indicates the view taken by County Court Judges of the duty thrown on them of sending impecunious debtors to prison for non-payment of their debts, and how gladly they would welcome relief from such an unpleasant task :—

Judge Owen, of the Newport (Mon.) County Court, yesterday, when he had to deal with an unusually large number of judgment summonses, exclaimed, "I wish some member of Parliament who has not much to do would bring in a Bill to *abolish imprisonment for debt*."

This on August 12, 1906, and yet the lawyers tell us that "imprisonment for debt" was abolished in 1861! The learned County Court judge calls "a spade a spade."

The penal provisions of "the Debtors' Act, 1869," for the punishment of fraudulent debtors, afford quite sufficient protection to creditors against fraud, misrepresentation, or false pretences by debtors when endeavouring to obtain credit.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.—*For particulars of our Great Christmas-Box Scheme see page 2 of cover. One Thousand £5 Notes for "John Bull" readers. No competition, but equal opportunity for all. No reason whatever why you should not have a £5 Note on Christmas Eve. Please read page 2 of cover. It will interest you. The scheme is unique. And it is honest and genuine.*

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris

A Woman.

This book, published anonymously by Greening, has been making some stir in the world. The writer is, I believe, a man—a man practised with a practised pen, who has a very pretty style of his own, a little Corinthian, maybe—the meaning obscured by ornament—and too hasty, slapdash, rattling; the style of a minor poet, or a very minor prose writer. Still, the author loves words, and has read widely, if not well, and like Odysseus, has seen many cities and caught glimpses of their meaning. Not a bad courier—his book might be called "Travel-impressions of a Neuropath," here, for instance, is Paris:—

"Paris is one white, nervous disappointment. . . . It is the apotheosis of the theatrical. The shape of its streets, its unwalkable squares, the bawdy insistence of its lights, make it a very good resting-place for people who are afraid to rest.

"Paris when it rains—autumn rain—and the umbrellas are up, is like a nude statue with a hat on—a hat on, and, perhaps, gloves—gloves with holes in the finger tips."

This gives one an impression of Paris that is true enough for a caricature; but when the author takes France as a subject, his knowledge is insufficient, and his impressionist picture strikes one as feeble-foolish:—

"France offends me by its long white roads, the endless straight, dry poplars, the bent horses, the lean dogs. You imagine the frugality, the monotony, the patience in the houses, patience under dullness; an advertisement to the gods that here is a corpse eating and drinking and sleeping.

And so Petersburg, Moscow, Monte Carlo, New Jersey, and New York he has visited, but not lived in.

A good courier this; but not a Borrow, who can show you the soul of Spain, the in-dwelling spirit that has fashioned the body to languorous, passionate beauty. And if the writer is a courier and not a cosmopolitan, so, too, he is one of those who cast off time-honoured lies in order to spin new ones.

New Lies.

He asks:—

"Isn't it just those women who were not virtuous, who broke all laws, who were never faithful, who have lived in literature and made history?

"What would the story of the world be like without Circe and Theodora—Cleopatra and Guinevere and Isolde—Catherine of Russia and Christina of Sweden—Mary of Scots and Messalina—Faustina and the plots of Lucrezia Borgia—the Pompadour—the possible loves of Da Vinci's Gioconda and Queen Elizabeth? What abysses of bleakness would be left in the colour of all the centuries!

"And, after all, fidelity is not a human virtue at all. It is an exact contradiction to all civilising process of change and multiplication of interest. It is the morale of the beasts."

Interesting Half-truths.

All this is interesting, perhaps, but not particularly new or true. Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday were virtuous, and yet reached a higher immortality than Catherine, or Elizabeth, or Cleopatra. The Saints Elizabeth and Theresa are just as well known as Messalina and Lucrezia Borgia, and a good deal better worth knowing.

A Woman.

But it is in his attempt to reveal a woman's soul that the author comes finally to grief—he does not even start well:—

"Music and colour," says the supposed woman, "have already shown me every mood of sensuality, and I have been stripped by philosophy of every restraint of conventional morals. . . . . The only law that philosophy enforces, and that I have to obey, is the supreme duty to myself of not being found out in doing anything which the social system forbids, and which it can punish you for doing."

Passion at Last.

The woman seeks experience with Jim and Jack and Peter; but it is the man she calls Little Hungary who wakes her to life and passion at last:—

"The other night, when his fingers closed on my arm, the sea had engulfed planets; I was held by the fire of the immortals—I *was* immortal. There was no death, there wasn't even life. All the universe was burning in corrosive ecstasy.

"And it has been only twice; but the other existence lies behind as dry and dead as a crackled, brittle leaf. This was life veined with blood and rounded by palpable flesh—my arms and throat have yet the great black bruises from his kisses. It is enough to tincture a whole century with love, passion enough to create a universe. I hardly dare separate the memory of it into the different moments, out of the great flaming shafts of radiance that intoxicate every sense and are beating around me yet. . . . .

". . . . His voice enticed me, led me, seized me, swayed me, mastered me. I had met my master. I was conquered, his voice walled me. I was defenceless, unresisting; I never dreamed of resisting. There was nothing to resist. I was myself, and he had always owned me, always been my possessor; he had always known I would respond, since the world began. . . . .

". . . . My relaxed mood—I was at the end of my strength—made me turn and meet his eyes and tremble down, under, not away from, his kiss. This was made with the world when life was given from God to man.

"Only a moment, and we moved apart—shaken, tumultuous, shocked, with a feeling as of the first swoon of ether that lifts your veins into rivers of light before it transforms you into extinction."

All this is well written, excellently rendered, the "ether" gives it the final touch, as of reality; and yet it seems to me the painting of a man's passion and not of a woman's, and even at that, a description taken from memory and worked up. It is not vivid and sharp enough to be an immediate transcript from life—there are no details, and life is all details. Passion itself is like a flaming, white light that shows every detail, the coarseness of the skin, the joy and the pain of the embrace, the fluttering delight in that one is slight, and small, and weak——

The book may seem a masterpiece to the illiterate and untravelled, and certainly it will pass an hour amusingly for anyone.

"Beyond the Wall."

I have passed a pleasant hour with this book by Mr. Yoxall, M.P. (Hutchinson.) Mr. Yoxall has a style of his own, and by no means a bad one, and he tells a romantic story briskly and brightly enough. Yet, in spite of his gifts, and in spite of the local colouring which is sometimes touched in quite deftly, I remain cold. His sketch here of a young girl is not badly done. It is at times even interesting; he seems to have caught tricks of speech from a living girl, and yet I am not moved deeply. It has always seemed to me that if one chooses a romantic form one should fill it with the genuine wine of sincere passion and of emotions that have been lived; and if one takes the classical form, the thin transparent glass, one should fill it with the purple wine of romance, beaded to the brim and fragrant. Mr. Yoxall gives us the romantic glass; but the liquor is a little thin—no intoxication in a barrel of it.

A CORRECTION.

Dear Mr. Editor,—What a crowd of erudite contributors you must have! You have received, you say, "dozens of letters" pointing out that in my review last week of the life of "Walter Pater" I confused the author of that book, A. C. Benson with the E. F. Benson who wrote "Dodo." It is not credible to me that there should be two writers named Benson in one generation, both cursed with fluency, both priggish, both—no, sir, it is monstrously incredible.

But, sir, if it be true, it is no matter: the one who wrote "Dodo" did not write this book on Pater, and the one who wrote this book on Pater did not write "Dodo," and so their guilt is fairly equal.

A great naturalist last week insisted on pointing out to me that I was cursing the mosquito when I should really have been damning the gnat: he explained to my patient inattention that the mosquito had spotted wings and a straight back, while the gnat had a crooked back, but unspotted wings. It is this craze for accuracy, that makes cowards of us all: Culex, sir, or Anopheles is all the same to me. How can you expect me in this weather to draw nice distinctions between varieties of the same species?

In fine, sir, I declare that to me there are only two Bensons in this generation: the one Benson is the gossip and teacher and priest and prig who wrote "Dodo" and this book on "Walter Pater," and the other and more harmless Benson makes clocks or watches or something in the City.

Yours maliciously,

F. H.

London, September 6th, 1906.

P.S.—Have none of your serious readers noticed that in the same review I speak of Mrs. Dr. Gore? Surely someone will write to say that Dr. Gore has no feminine attribute.

Yours maliciously,

Frank Harris.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

AMONG THE THEATRES.

By Frank Harris.

"A Winter's Tale."

"A Winter's Tale" is a tale of very little value; there is no action in it, hardly any intrigue or suspense, and the jealousy it is designed to show is infinitely better expressed in "Othello." To the student, even, it is only interesting because of the figure of Perdita, in which, probably, Shakespeare tells of the charm and delight he found in the companionship of his young daughter: she had been lost to him for many years of London life, and he pictures her in Perdita with a delight and freshness more convincing even than the picture he gives us later of her as Miranda in the "Tempest." Still, one character, and that a subsidiary one, cannot make a play, and it is natural therefore that "A Winter's Tale" should only re-visit our stage at long intervals when there is some extraordinary actress to take the part of Perdita and so excuse the production of a dull melodramatic comedy.

Miss Mary Anderson as Perdita.

In '87, when the play was given at the "Lyceum," the excuse was sufficient: Mary Anderson then doubled the parts of Hermione and Perdita. As Hermione she was not very wonderful, save for statuesque beauty; her pleading in the trial scene had more shrewish temper in it than pathos or persuasion. But as Perdita she made an impression which can never be effaced. With a dozen other girls she took hands and danced slowly round and round, and the rhythmic grace of movement and the beauty of the woman, recalled for us those exquisite white figures in floating draperies that appear to dance round a Greek vase. In private life, Mary Anderson was a handsome girl, tall and graceful, too, but her features were a little pronounced, a little too chiselled-precise for the highest form of beauty. There was nothing strange or striking either in her colouring, she was merely a handsome girl. But on the stage she was simply ideal, the very faults of her face—the too marked features—there added to the effect of her beauty: as she danced before us slowly rhythmically she not only realised Perdita for us, who smacked "of something greater than herself, too noble for her place," but she realised too, one's youthful dreams of Greek perfection.

Lord Lytton was in the theatre on the first night, and he declared that she was the most beautiful thing ever seen: it used to be said jokingly that he went to the play every night of the hundred odd nights the piece ran. I only tell this to give younger play-goers some idea of the enthusiasm Mary Anderson created: it was her one success; but that success was a triumph.

Miss Ellen Terry.

And now, nearly twenty years afterwards, I go to His Majesty's to see Miss Ellen Terry as Hermione, and Miss Viola Tree as Perdita. I can say at once that Miss Terry was an infinitely better Hermione than Miss Mary Anderson: Miss Terry's pleading in the trial scene, in spite of the fact that she was by no means word-perfect, was really touching and pitiful. There is a charm about Ellen Terry which age cannot wither nor custom stale, the charm of sweetness and sincerity.

Miss Viola Tree as Perdita.

I wish I could speak as well of Miss Viola Tree as Perdita. She has some things in her favour: she is far younger-looking than Mary Anderson, and Perdita, we remember, was supposed to be only sixteen. She has some of the adorable awkwardness of youth, too, which may come from her excessive slimness and height, or from the fact that she is still a little new to the stage; but in spite of all that may be said in her favour, her performance cannot for one moment be compared, I will not say to Miss Anderson's, but to the average actress of the Meiningen troupe.

At the very beginning she strikes a false note, hideously false. She comes down to meet her lover, who has thrown a posy into her bed-chamber, singing, and after they take hands she still sings, and when they return from their talk she is still singing—a quite intolerable mistake. Singing, a girl should have known, goes with flirtation, and not with love; is indeed altogether too light and careless for the most serious of our passions, and this false note is struck again and again by Miss Tree. In her dancing she is as unrestrained and wild as the rest of the shepherdesses, and when she stands by the river and flirts water on them, one can only writhe under such a misreading of the part.

It was a pretty touch in her, when going away with her lover to return on her steps to say good-bye to the old cottage that had sheltered her childhood: but it was an obvious and usual piece of stage business, and here again Miss Tree managed to strike a false note, and to strike it with both hands. She takes down from the wall of the cottage a bird cage and goes off to join the prince, her lover, swinging the bird cage in her hand. Simply intolerable, this "business," and not to be endured. Miss Tree looks very young; she doesn't need to exaggerate her youthfulness to the point of childishness and beyond.

The Play.

The play was splendidly mounted, and the subsidiary parts were excellently filled. Mr. Basil Gill as Florizel was at his very best: I have seen him in no part which suits him so well: he was a princely lover. Mr. Charles Waring did everything with Leontes that could be done: Mr. O. B. Clarence as the clownish son of the old shepherd was quite astonishing, with the exception of Miss Ellen Terry, he gave us the best piece of acting seen on the stage. Mr. Somerset rather disappointed me in Autolycus, perhaps because the part always reads better than it plays. But Mopsa, Miss Bruce-Joy, was extraordinarily good. Mrs. Tree took the part of Paulina; but her mannered elocution makes it impossible for me to consider her acting.

The scenery was very good, particularly the shepherd's hut with the little babbling brook in the second act, an astonishing stage picture: the crowds, too, both of shepherds and shepherdesses and of the spectators in the trial scene, are excellently managed, and some of the incidental music had a real flavour of old English music in it and was charming.

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

II.

ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Taken literally, *entente cordiale* means "a hearty understanding." But, taken in the spirit, it should be translated "a liberal understanding."

For, indeed, Liberalism is the basis of the *entente cordiale*, and the sympathy which now unites France to England is the result of the liberal tendencies shown on either side of the Channel.

During many years England has stood aloof, magnificent and lonely. She acted as she pleased towards her Colonies and neighbours. None meddled with her. She was not blamed for her crimes, neither was she praised for her virtues. Nothing in her behaviour appealed to French temperament; "John Bull" was too dogmatic and self-concentrated to care about what Marianne thought of him.

But now, everything has changed. Marianne, rather tired of collectivism as a scheme, has walked a step back, and John, sick of running in the old grooves, has run three forward. The result is that old England and young France (France is and will ever be young) are shaking hands, and wondering that they did not appreciate each other long ago.

Yes, John gained Marianne's favour, when he generously gave the Boers the Constitution he had promised them—that is liberal. Marianne smiled on him when he said, "The Duma is dead, long live the Duma!"—that was liberal, although it may not have been wise. And I positively believe she blew him a kiss across the waters when she saw him reducing his naval expenses. For that is true liberalism, which gives birth to new hopes; liberalism which cries a truce to the mad competition in raising armaments; liberalism which holds its hand out to pacificism, and walks thus bravely towards the really liberal aims—peace and prosperity.

England is now in touch with France, and feels the same enthusiasm for liberty, peace, and social progress. It will soon be unnecessary to build a tunnel under the Channel, the *entente cordiale* has bridged it over.

(To be continued.)

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

CONTINENTAL CASINOS.

By Jim Crow.

A financial gentleman once related to me how, among other speculations, he had contemplated the acquisition of a continental casino. Negotiations went so far as a journey across Europe to discuss terms with the vendors. After a friendly dinner, the party sat down to consider the cost of entertainments, wages of servants, municipal subsidies, etc., etc., and it was soon very clear that the main if not the only source of revenue was gambling.

The Collusion of Croupiers.

Then they set themselves to calculations: so many baccarat-tables for so many hours with an average profit of so much; so many tables of petits chevaux with such and such a probable profit. It soon became clear that, by the most sanguine estimate, it was hopeless to make enough to pay for all the attractions of the place. "This is no good," said the financier, but the vendors pointed triumphantly to the enormous takings of the late proprietor. "Yes, but how did he do it?" "My dear sir, you must not inquire too closely. Leave all that to the croupiers. I assure you it will be all right."

Painful Percentages.

And it is perfectly true that, somehow or other, casinos do thrive at every watering-place in France. To begin with, the avowed percentage is by no means modest. As much as 15 per cent. is taken away from the banker and dropped into a slot, known as the *cagnotte*. Suppose you take a five-louis bank. Fifteen francs are immediately deducted, and you have only eighty-five left to play with. Somebody bets the lot at once. If you lose and replenish, fifteen francs are again deducted from your fresh hundred. But suppose you win three times in succession. If there were no cagnotte, your 100 francs will have accumulated, first to 200, then to 400, then to 800. As it is, 85 accumulates to 170, then to 340, then to 680. In other words, you have won 120 francs less than you ought to have won: a large percentage on a capital of 100. Added to this, you are expected, every time you make a winning bank, to give at least ten francs to the croupier and five francs to the *changeur*, an individual who hovers about in the background.

The Banker at Baccarat.

As though these were not sufficiently fearful odds against the banker, he has to face further risks. He has to think of twenty things at once—the cards, the stakes, the punters, the right moment to throw up a bank, the comparative strength of the tableaux, etc., etc. And if he be not vigilant as Argus, the mass of coins in front of the croupier facing him will dwindle away much faster than it ought. When a punter stakes on the line, the indication is that he bets half the stake. It is a favourite plan to push the stake over the line with apparent thoughtlessness after a winning coup or dreamily withdraw it after a losing one. This game is known as *poussette*, and is practised everywhere. Unless the banker has a very good memory, he cannot be sure exactly what stakes were on the line before he gave the cards, and it is difficult to watch twelve punters all the time. The croupier always knows, but he never interferes with a friend or a generous punter. These he will often pay twice over, and he may turn a blind eye to a lady who rushes up to stake money after the cards have been seen. Besides this, the croupier is often interested in swelling the cagnotte, and it is easy for him to make a "mistake," and drop in a few extra counters. He has also been known to smuggle them into his pockets or down his neck, or even into his boots, and it is a good plan to mistrust a croupier who often adjusts his collar or seems afflicted with the fidgets. I heard of a case last year when one of the players accused a croupier of these practices. After a great fuss, the man was taken into a private room and searched, with the result that over £300 was found upon him.

The Punters' Perplexities.

Such are some of the difficulties of the banker at baccarat. The punter is perhaps in an even more parlous position. To begin with, the advantage of the game is about 2 per cent. in favour of the banker. That is the excuse for taxing him 15 per cent. Besides this, the punter is not sure of being paid every time he wins. When there is not enough money in the bank to pay everybody, the remainder is doled out in rotation, beginning with the man who took the cards. There is generally some confusion as to the order of the stakes on the table, and the benefit of any doubt is always given by the croupier in favour of his friends.

The Correction of Fortune.

These, however, are small matters. After long observation and the investigation of much gossip, I have come to the conclusion that fully 50 per cent. of the banks in a Continental casino are swindles. A number of apparently wealthy gentlemen are really agents of the administration, and play with money which is provided for them, their reward being a small percentage of winnings. It is a strange fact that they lose whenever there are small sums on the table, and win the big coups. How it is contrived I do not profess to know, but I suppose it would be easy for a professional conjuror to smuggle a few cards on to the top of the pack.

Unconscious Swindlers.

Some punters, priding themselves on their shrewdness, have told me that they only play against Englishmen or other obviously honest persons. But, even so, the safety is only comparative. A banker may be as honest as the day, but the croupier may cheat for him. The croupier depends for his living on tips, which are placed in a little box in front of him. Now, punters never contribute to that box, but the banker does if he wins. It is therefore to the croupier's interest that the banker should win.

An Infallible System.

An ingenious young man told me how to win. "Tip the croupiers generously," said he, "for every penny you give them is invested at an enormous rate of interest. Take banks whenever you can get them. When the croupier hands you the cards, do not shuffle them, but just cut them and leave them to the croupier to give the final touch. He only has to arrange six or eight cards on the top for you to be sure of winning the first coup. If you do that, throw up the bank and take another. I don't know, and I don't want to know, whether the man arranges the cards, but this method of play answers oftener than not." That same evening I saw the young man secure a 25-louis bank. Somebody went "Banco" (Anglicé, the whole lot). The banker won. "Il y a une suite," he said (*i.e.*, he abandoned that bank). It was put up to auction, and he secured it for 35 louis. Again he won the first coup and withdrew. Then he took it for 25 louis and won and withdrew. Again for 25 louis, but this time he lost, and immediately left the table, a winner of 60 louis in five minutes.

Conclusion.

To bank or punt at baccarat is foolish unless you are either a swindler or the tool of swindlers. To play at petits chevaux is worse than foolish. Not only are the odds against you enormous, but if ever there is much money on the table, the spinning-man certainly has some way of correcting chance. No one ever has won at petits chevaux, and no one ever will. The wise man goes to foreign watering-places and enjoys all the free distractions which are provided for him by the administration, but does not join the slaves of the board of green cloth, who sit up all night to play and pay.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMEN-FOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[*Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive from her women readers suggestions and contributions for this page.*]

Our Mistaken Education Scheme.

The Bishop of Carlyle's indictment of education, which, according to his lordship, has produced—

> Fewer burglaries, but more forgeries,
> Less drunkenness, but more gambling,
> Fewer murders, but greater immorality,

has caused much indignation, but it occurs to a thoughtful woman that the Bishop is not far wrong, and that we need not look deep for the reason. Everyone knows that strong meat is not food for babes, yet we are trying to cram into immature brains exactly the kind of learning which children fitted by heredity with greater powers of assimilation have a trouble to grasp. Those of us who know anything of State scholars, know that it is only the better-class children who gain scholarships, or really benefit by their schooling. The children from the slums leave school very little, if any, better than before. Simple hygiene, self respect, and the law of *meum et tuum*, all taught in the simplest language, might advantageously replace botany, geology, and drawing, for the next two generations at least.

Death in the Schoolroom.

Not long ago a learned bacteriologist, in making a report on the bacilli to be found on the floor of a public bar, declared that, *with the exception of schoolrooms*, public-houses were the most prolific disseminators of disease. In nine schools out of every ten no attempt is made to disinfect the floors, benches, and desks, in spite of the fact that a great many diseases are infectious before being fully developed and recognisable, while others are contagious after the disease has disappeared, diphtheria being a case in point. School hygiene in this country is absurdly behind that in Paris, New York, or Berlin, and, while women are given so little power on school councils, this state of things will prevail. There can, however, be no excuse for the mother who sends her child to a private school in which the schoolroom is not washed over with disinfectant daily. Roughly speaking, the floor, desks, and forms can be sterilised with a guaranteed germicide at a cost not exceeding one halfpenny. The old theory that each child must go through the common infectious diseases has been abandoned; the disinfection of schoolrooms would do much to prevent epidemics; it rests with each individual mother to see that it is done.

A Complexion Hint.

The prospect of dearer soap will have no terrors for the wise woman who takes care of her skin, for she uses it very seldom. Ordinary fine oatmeal and really hot water as a cleanser, followed by a dash of cold water to reclose the pores, gives far better results than the ordinary soap. An occasional bath for the face in warm milk and water (equal parts) is excellent. Finally, never go to bed without washing in warm water.

Chocolates and the Theatres.

Everybody seems to eat chocolates at theatres nowadays, and in the boxes and stalls smart women as well as young girls munch bon-bons.

Paris Fashions.

Fashions are particularly interesting at the beginning of a new season, and the autumn novelties from Paris are very alluring. An evening cloak the fair world possess is of *craie* white cloth, falling like a simple surplice, and inlet with deep points, from neck to foot, of thick white cord lace. Another is of fine, currant-red cloth, gathered to a small yoke-collar of white velvet embroidered in silks of different colours. Evening gowns are disposed to glitter very much, and Paris has sent over a lovely toilette of white diamanté net, veiled with tulle delicately worked with little bouquets of pink and blue flowers.

The Peerage and Marriage.

The peerage is becoming remarkable for two things—namely, the increasing list of American duchesses and countesses, and the marriage of peers with actresses. Lords of high degree who have won their brides from the stage include the Marquis of Headfort, the Earl of Orkney, the Earl of Clancarty, Lord de Clifford, and Lord Ashburton. Lady de Clifford, it will be remembered, was saved by her marriage from becoming a Bath-Bun. Miss Camille Clifford's engagement to Lord Aberdare's heir has come as a surprise. She will be very rich, and is marrying a good-looking man. I have not seen Miss Clifford, but I have seen her photograph. And you?

The American Girl.

I have been looking critically at the American girl, to discover what it is exactly that distinguishes her at a glance from the English girl, even before she opens her mouth to talk of "Poppa." Surely it is her poise. She is so erect, carries her back so straight and flat, and her shoulders square. At present the American woman in London is as plentiful as blackberries, sight-seeing with untiring energy and intelligence—so different to our own countrywomen abroad, who do their sight-seeing listlessly; but then, the English are credited with taking their pleasures sadly. The American woman, on the contrary, is alertness itself, ever on the *qui vive* for information, questioning 'bus drivers, asking policemen, and going about her globe-trotting with the evident determination to carry back with her to the States a guide-bookful of knowledge.

At the Picture Galleries.

The tourists are doing the picture galleries and museums and all those places of interest where free admission is a charm. At the Tate Gallery, the Turner collection is a big attraction, and a most amusing ten minutes may be spent opposite, "The Interior of Petworth"—what a glorious bouquet of flowers!—listening to the suggestions hazarded as to what the painter intended to convey. "Looks to me as if a motor-car had smashed into the place," said an American girl critically. "Yes, I'm sure, it's a car." "What's that thing at the back?" queried another. "A fountain, I think," observed her companion. "No, I guess it's a doorway—or a picture," said a third. And they went away reflecting as to whether, after all, it was not a girondole.

A Remarkable Letter.

I have received the following remarkable letter from one of my women readers. Perhaps the writer will explain what is to happen when matrimony and motherhood have gone completely out of fashion. I hope I have not many other readers who entertain such extraordinary views.

TO MRS. BULL.

Re WOMAN'S REAL PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Woman's real place in the world is, I maintain, just where she pleases, and the primary justification of her existence is, that she is here: not that she should bear and rear children.

Oh, no! Let me tell you, Mrs. Bull, it is now too late in the day to preach that rot.

Matrimony and motherhood are going out of fashion as women become self-supporting, and consequently more enlightened.

Believe me, there are thousands of English women (many of them quite young too) who personally regard matrimony and motherhood as beneath their contempt, preferring to earn their own living and be independent.

Yours truly,

Verax.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

JOHN BULL'S OPEN POST-CARDS.

[*This being the holiday season,* JOHN BULL *is too lazy to write long letters, so he proposes to keep in touch with his friends by means of post-cards—more or less pictorial in their character.*]

XX.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long.

Sir,—The people of this country keep your memory green as the gentleman who muzzled dogs, but it has always struck me as curious that you were never able to muzzle yourself. You were a failure in office, and you are obviously a bigger failure out of it. Mr. Balfour must wish you at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Some people rush in where angels fear to tread.

Nobody but a fatuous fuddler would have rushed into a challenge to Sir Antony MacDonnell to produce the mysterious correspondence which your own leader, backed up by the votes and cheers of the men behind him, refused to produce in the House on the motion of the present Premier. You yourself voted against the demand for their production. All this was at a time when Mr. Wyndham, Lord Dudley, and Lord Dunraven were coquetting with Sir Antony himself in the drafting of a scheme of devolution in Irish affairs. But for the angry screams of the Ulster party, I am inclined to believe that the scheme would have gone through.

In any case, if you want the letters, Mr. Balfour can produce them. The whole of the correspondence with Sir Antony is now the property of the present Cabinet, and if you cannot persuade Mr. Balfour to produce it, you may be assured that Mr. Bryce will produce it as soon as it serves his purpose to do so. You and Mr. Balfour, and the other Ministers who were up to the eyes in the old plot, will indulge yourselves in another artificial scream when the Liberal Devolution Scheme is unfolded, and if present Ministers are wise they will keep you on the grid until then. Meanwhile, possess your soul in patience if you can; and try to be a little less ridiculous. You can have a part in the comic opera by and by.—I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN BULL.

XXI.

To the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.

Dear Mr. Haldane,—*Sprechen sie Deutsch?* I need not ask. For myself, *Ich finde die Aussprache sehr schwer*, but *Sie haben einen guten accent*, they tell me. Therefore, in your visit to Berlin, strictly on business as one of the Army reformers, you will have been able to converse with the only Kaiser, and the chiefs of the German Army, in their native lair, sticking all the verbs at the end of sentences five hundred words long.

I have always heard that the German Army is a perfect machine; but if on careful inquiry and information received you have found it, in fact, anything like the horrible language on which it is based, and intend to make a copy of it for British purposes, then I am going straightway to pray for the British Army—and for you. Of course, you didn't swallow all the Kaiser told you at luncheon—for he vas an artful man, dot Kaiser, ven it him please. *Was sagen Sie, eh?*

He can be extremely nice to distinguished foreigners (when he is not nasty), but you may depend on it that he has carefully instructed the heads of his Army to show you nothing and tell you nothing he did not want you to know. It is the things they didn't tell you and didn't show you that I would like to know about; but of course you cannot ask a monarch who invites you to dinner to give you his watch also, can you? Still, you may have learned something to avoid, if not to copy, and that was worth going for, anyhow. When once a man discovers the way not to do things, he is in a fair way to discover how to do them. For the present, *Leben Sie wohl. Auf wiedersehn.*

JOHN BULL.

XXII.

Mr. Tedi Rusvelt, Presiduntof the Yankis.

Sur,—I alwes thort u wur the kind of pursun hoo wood despiz speling. U hav cwalities, wich ar atractive to meni pepl—enurgi, deturminashun, or, az yur cuntrimen wuld sa, grit. Yur caracter, tho lyk that of a bare, iz troo and sownd. But u ar not the man eni wun wood hav picked upon tu decid grate cwestshuns of litiretyur and authografi. I don't supoz u wer ever much of a hand at speling yurself, and so, like the tailles fox, u seek to depryv others of an undouted benefit. Onli ignorans can dispewt the advantij to a langwidj of its anshunt tradishunal speling, witch not onli keeps alyv the orijin and meening ov wurds, but prevents a deteeriorashun ov the langwidj by the vulgar. Ithur yur nyu speling must be arbitrari, in witch case we shal hav to lurn it in adishun to the old, or els we shal al spel just as we think, and the confushun of tungs wil be wurs than Baybul. It wil be an ardyus task to decyfer the varieties ov uther peepl's speling. Wy, even in this wun card I don't beleev I have alwais rememburd to spel the saym wurd in the saym wai. Giv it up, is the advys of yur frend,

JON BOOL.

XXIII.

H. R. H. Prince of Bulgaria.

Sir,—The public have short memories, Visochestvo, and it is amusing to read all the pretty things now being said about you in the public Press. It is not so many years since the same fickle scribes were denouncing you in unmeasured terms as a scoundrel, a fool, almost even a murderer. For some unexplained reason they had conceived a wild admiration for Stambulov, "the Bismarck of the Balkans," the gentleman who used to torture prisoners with boiling oil. When Stambulov was cut to pieces, a great outcry went up against you, and hints were freely expressed that you were privy to the deed. I still admire your home policy, and believe you have done great things for Bulgaria. You have exhibited a cool courage very rare on modern thrones, and as a statesman you have few rivals. But your policy in Macedonia has been exceedingly mischievous. The Committees, countenanced by your Government, have made disorder chronic in that unhappy province. They have also made a peaceful and happy solution impossible for a very long time to come. And I hold them personally responsible for the deluge of innocent blood which has been shed during the last few years. I know you are ambitious to become a king, but for your sake, as well as for that of the Balkan peoples, I trust you will embark in no wild enterprises. You live in an electric atmosphere, and must realise how great an explosion may be caused by the slightest indiscretion. —Your humble servant,

JOHN BULL.

AMARILLIS.

I.

Mistress mine, fair Amarillis,
Breathe on me thy breath of lilies.
Let my lips to thy lips cling
While blue heaven's lark doth sing,
"Amarillis."

II.

Mistress mine, fair Amarillis,
On the couch—once shared with Phillis—
Thou shalt sleep the while I fling
Flow'rs to cover thee and sing
"Amarillis."

VERA CANUTE.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

THOSE ETERNAL QUESTIONS.

(The silly season correspondence is in full swing.)

John Bull (who wants to get five minutes' peace): OH, GO TO——! (NO, JOHN, WE ARE NOT SQUEAMISH, BUT——!—EDITOR.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. SIEVIER.

AN INTERESTING VOLUME.

This is something more than a brightly-written, interesting account of an extraordinary life.* From the first page to the last, it carries with it a conviction that the writer is telling the truth. He looks at life from too healthy a standpoint to care much about telling lies. He is ready to admit that he has made many mistakes, committed grave faults: he leaves his wife in Australia to get a divorce as arranged between them: he is quite willing to assume all the responsibility—admits, in a good-humoured way, that he alone has been in fault: he tells of losing money on the Turf: confesses frankly that on this or that occasion he was unable to pay: he got the money afterwards, and settled up, and tells of the pleasure it gave him to wipe the score from the slate. The biography of a sportsman—that is what it is, and a good sportsman, too—a man who has tried to give as good as he gets in life, whether injuries or kindnesses, and has taken the rough with the smooth as all in the day's work. It might be called in a good sense "The History of an Adventurer," for Mr. Sievier has the high courage and adaptability of the adventurer who has gone out to the ends of the earth and made a Greater Britain in Australia and America; he is a Cape Mounted Policeman at sixteen; a soldier in the Kaffir War; an actor in India before his 21st birthday; then a bookmaker in Australia, and a punter in England; an owner of race-horses and a successful journalist in London. His career is kaleidoscopic; but his courage and energy can be seen in every moment of it, and as for the morals, he has summed the matter up himself better than I could do it: here are his words:—

"By dissenters from the ordinary usages of Bohemian life, I have no doubt I should be pronounced a very naughty boy; but some reminiscences are so pleasant to me that, if I have any regret in connection with them, it is that I have not been worse." This is frank, and one would give a good deal for such frankness.

Mr. Sievier's Early Life.

He seems to have started life at fifteen or sixteen by joining the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police of South Africa. He tells how he landed in Cape Town with three friends, and, as they had only four shillings and sixpence between them, he played pool for half-a-crown a life and seven-and-six on the pool, and came away with six pounds, which he shared with his friends, and then the quartet proceeded to paint the town red.

The Kaffir War of 1877-8.

He went through the Kaffir War of 1877-8, and enjoyed the game. He seems even to have enjoyed going down in the "Dunrobin Castle" on Robben Island, where he landed, as he says, with £75 in gold, a pair of trousers, and a helmet with a brass spike in it. He adds, humorously, that if he had only had a single spur his costume would have been complete. As three hundred odd pounds of his went down in the unlucky "Dunrobin Castle," one must admit that his sense of humour is fairly developed.

Mr. Sievier, the Actor.

He then returned to England, became an actor, and finally went out to India, where he learned all about "chits," finding out eventually that signing them was easier than paying them.

Hatchett's Twenty-five Years Ago.

He again returned to England, and tells us about Hatchett's in the old days. He seems to have known all the frequenters of that famous house—"good-looking Joe Posno, 'The Parrot,' Poutz, Walter Mass, and the rest. . . . Free of the coffee-room, too, were such horsey and coaching men as Major Dixon; Ernest Beckett, about as good a man with the ribbons as ever sat on a box; Macadam, whose hands were as hard as his ancestor's roads; 'Swish' Broadwood, with a wealth of language that was inexhaustible; and Walter Dickson, with his 'Cheer on!'; 'Squire' Goodman, whose nut-brown ale every coachman stopped to quaff when arriving at the little house on Kingston Hill; and many others. What rattling good fellows they all were! And what times they had! Heigho!"

To Australia.

A little after this he went off to Monte Carlo, and then down to Naples, and in the Bay he happened to see the "Liguria," one of the Orient liners. "Where is she going to?" he asked. "Australia," was the answer. He rushed back to his hotel, paid the bill, superintended his servant's packing, "and within an hour or two we were on board the 'Liguria,' sailing for Australia."

As a "Bookie" Under the Southern Cross.

In Australia he found that bookmaking was in its infancy. Sievier went into the ring on the English principle, and naturally had the cream of the custom and made a lot of money. Then back to England again, apparently to promote the divorce with his wife. Some amusing chat follows about the old "Gardenia" and "The Corinthian" Clubs, one or two good stories, and he is out in Australia again.

Monte Carlo.

Then home to England, and off to Monte Carlo, where he loses all his money, and promptly writes the farce "Stone Broke," which gets him back to London and puts fifty pounds in his pocket, with which he goes racing once more.

Mr. Sievier's Career on the Turf.

Mr. Sievier, as is well known, does not like American jockeys, and he does not altogether believe that the progress on the English Turf in the last twenty years has been progress upwards:

"Twenty years ago there were no Jewburg owners running horses on our English racecourses. Since then dealers in stolen diamonds, fugitives from justice, the scum of the swindling speculators who, like leeches, have sucked the life-blood of many a noble family, have taken the place of their victims—lamentably so for the Turf. With this gang the spirit of the sport doesn't enter into the game; indeed, racing is rather utilised as a key with which to open the door to Society. Such is the evolution for the worse to which I can testify."

And so the book goes on, mingling reflection with anecdote, till he comes to his great year, 1900, when he made something like two hundred thousand pounds as a punter, and became known to fame as the owner of Sceptre.

Bad Luck.

The latter part of the book is chiefly taken up with a statement of the case "Sievier v. Duke," which unfortunately was tried before Mr. Justice Grantham. Without wishing to re-try the case, we must say that we think Mr. Sievier takes it all a little too much to heart. Everybody knows Mr. Justice Grantham by this time, and his reputation is a great deal more damaged than Mr. Sievier's. Even in 1902 the best opinion in England was that Mr. Sievier had been very harshly treated—very unjustly treated, too; and when he was warned off the Turf, everyone, I believe, felt that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had made a real mistake—one of their few grave mistakes in our time.

Mr. Sievier Gets Some of his Own Back.

But everyone must admit that in his chapter on "Mr. Grantham Summed Up," Mr. Sievier gets some of his own back. It is the most terrible indictment of one of His Majesty's judges which we have ever read. If one half of what Mr. Sievier alleges is true, Mr. Justice Grantham should hardly be allowed to *resign* his position.

Then came the idiotic prosecution of Mr. Sievier for perjury, which Mr. Sievier won.

Mr. Sievier and the Police.

At the end of this trial Mr. Sievier went over to Inspector Arrow and thanked him for the consideration he had displayed. This is what happened, according to Mr. Sievier:

"His reply astounded me. He said, 'You have nothing to thank me for, Mr. Sievier; if I could have got you convicted, I should have.'"

Naturally, Mr. Sievier remarks that this is a curious view to take of a policeman's duties. The innocent victim pays rates and taxes which go to make up the salaries and wages of his prosecutors. As Mr. Sievier points out, when the Treasury prosecutes brainlessly, as it did in this case, and so practically ruins a man, the innocent citizen has no redress; he can get no damages, he is not even allowed costs which are the result of the Treasury's mistakes.

"The Winning Post."

The book tells at last how Mr. Sievier had to shut up his old racing establishment at Shrewton; how he wandered out of doors, through the gardens to the stables: "I went through the boxes, picturing in my mind's eye the different horses that once stood there—mine, and trained by me. Last of all I entered Sceptre's box. The winter leaves blew about my feet, my eyes became a little dim, and, with a lump in my throat, I went out into the open."

But by this time he had started the *Winning Post*, and the *Winning Post* has made him another fortune. Good luck go with him! For, whatever else he may be, he is certainly a sportsman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

* "The Autobiography of Robert Standish Sievier." 1906. London: *The Winning Post* (1906), Ltd., 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. nett.

BYE-WAYS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

Comedies and Tragedies of London Life.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Author of "The Love Thirst of Elaine," "Fane, the Fiddler," "A Tragedy of Grub Street," "Stories of Famous Songs," "Stories of Famous Fairy Tales," etc., etc.

No. V.—THE MAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT MONEY.

By money I mean means—which means more than many men mean many men to understand. Of course, there are many of them, and though in small details they may differ in the essentials, they are the same—from the "gentleman adviser" of the West End to the loafer of the East End and all parts of London. The public-house loafer does not count, but the public-house parasite does. I will give one example of the latter class. His name was Tom Waddington—is it not strange that so many Toms should be scapegraces—and his occupation *nil*. But his address was immaculate, and suggested visions of Bond Street and Piccadilly. He was the darling of the ladies who honoured the "Man of Means" with their presence; the prince of fellows with some, and the terror of the young men who had the privilege of his acquaintance in racing matters, for he betted a bit, he gambled a bit, and he touted a bit for "financial agents." But honestly he had, as the police say, "no visible means of support." He had a couplet which he was fond of repeating:—

"A little money is a dangerous thing—
Get lots, my boy, or you'll never sing."

He was very proud of this effort—for which he stood a poor starveling journalist a pint of bitter and some bread and cheese, being flush at the time. Of course there were occasions when he had to "lay low," like Brer Rabbit, and say nothing. On these days of depression his small stock of wit and curious anecdotes got very sparse, and he grew monosyllabic. He had been disappointed—everyone is disappointed at times—but to-morrow the sun would shine again. And soon he would shake off his despondency, and be quite gay again, directly somebody stood him a drink. Where did his money come from? He was not a bookmaker, though he had a "system" and backed horses—a fatal thing for all men. But at times he was "all over" gold, and we were mystified. We were interested in this elderly dandy—he must have been sixty at the least—because by many he was hailed not only as a good fellow, but a sincere friend; while others cursed him high and low, and accused him of all the crimes in the Newgate Calendar, though it was proved that he had never been in prison, escaping that goal, however, by the skin of his teeth on several momentous trials at the Central Criminal Court and elsewhere.

As I have said, we, Faber and I, were interested, and, in our casual way, thought we would like to find out how this individual without means, who had been without means all his life, continued to always wear a clean collar, a good hat, patent shoes, with a good cigar in his mouth, and sometimes a pocket full of gold and silver; while on other days he only possessed an empty purse. He was not only known in Bloomsbury, but in the Strand, the Haymarket, and particularly Piccadilly, for in his fruitful hours he patronised the lately-demolished "Jimmy's," otherwise the St. James's Restaurant, and the Criterion, and all the Bodegas. On his own confession he had never done a straight stroke of work in his life, yet he had managed to keep up appearances, to have a nice flat, well-furnished, and to live the life of a gentleman at large.

One night, when he was in his cups—he was generally there about eleven o'clock—we got him to talk, and as we primed him in different ways, Boast was his God, and we touched him on his profession.

"I advise young gentlemen," he said, "where to invest their money, and show them the sights and wonders of London when they come up from the 'Varsities, and, if they are minors, I explain where they can raise a little cash on their reversionary and other interests."

"But how," I inquired, "do you get to know the young fools—I mean fellows?"

"What is Debrett for? What's the Blue-book for?" he demanded, almost fiercely. "Besides, I have several charming lady friends who can be very affable, and as I am philosophical, I hold that as we are all human beings, we should be kind to each other."

This sentiment was quite heroically uttered, and we applauded his uttered virtue.

"Virtue be hanged," he exclaimed. "Virtuous people are always bad-tempered, whether they inherit the disease or only affect it." Then he grew maudlin, and we left him—in some more cups.

We pondered upon what this old scamp had said, and at first knew not how to class him—whether as a wreck, or one of the others. Physically he was becoming a wreck, and through his wild, outrageous life of dissipation was bringing on his own early senile decay. Moreover, he was a maker of wrecks, the despoiler in the fold of many a family, for we learned later that he lured more young men of promise, with great careers before them, to destruction than any other man in England. He stooped to anything—he stopped at nothing. He was one of those creatures born without the human chord, and as for conscience—he never knew the meaning of the word. He was a moneylender's tout, a gambler, and a debauché. What he dishonestly secured through his introductions one way, he lost in another. In all the worst section of the shady society of town life he revelled and had his existence, and if people ever do gloat, he certainly gloated over his sins, which had laid so many simple youngsters low, and sent many a poor mother sighing to her grave. He was the most abominable monster who ever went to the "Man of Means," and the landlord knew it, for he told us many strange and disgraceful things of this vampire in human shape.

He is still to be seen about the streets, and in the various hotel bars, gaily chatting away, with a smile suggestive of Mephistopheles, and pouring forth his coarse wit and unpleasant stories. But somehow, though I am not superstitious, I think Nemesis, with a firm grasp, will have him in the end. And if his victims could be permitted to deal with him down below, he might get his deserts.

FORTITUDE IN DANGER.

The vessel sprang a leak; the sailors all,
And passengers, obey the captain's call.
Foremost the chaplain, like a galley-slave,
Worked with a will, the sinking ship to save;
Strained every nerve, sweated through every pore,
Then sunk exhausted, and could pump no more.
One passenger alone, with gaze serene,
Undaunted aspect and indifferent mien,
All unconcerned beheld the awful scene;
E'en o'er his features in a little while,
There seemed to steal a half-complacent smile.
"Help, man!" the parson cries, prone from the deck;
"Help, man! to save the gallant ship from wreck.
Help, help, oh, help, our precious lives to save;
Help, or we all must find a watery grave.
Think of *yourself*, and help, if ever more
You hope to see again your native shore."
"No!" he replied; "perhaps 'tis well for you
Improvident, and all the thriftless crew
Each for himself to work, and sweat, and strive
To keep his worthless carcass still alive.
Doubtless you're right; but why on earth should I,
Prepared beforehand, such expedients try?
Though tempests howl, and waves in mountains roll,
Serene and tranquil sits my steadfast soul;
Calm I can smile, to any fate inured;
I know no terror—*for my life's insured!*"

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

BULL'S EYES.

Punch thinks that the compulsory retirement of Dr. Ray Lankester from the Natural History Museum on the score of age is "absurd," so long as the Diplodacus is allowed to remain in the same building. *Mr. Punch* is out of date. The Diplodacus itself must take a back seat behind the Tite Barnacles of our Paleozoic Circumlocution Office.

Several Seaside Town Councils have resolved that adult bathers on the foreshore must be "clothed from the neck to the knee." To decide where the lady bathers' necks begin —or end—a *robe bust* committee will be wanted.

Judge Templar declares that he "never knew anybody who made money out of fried fish." He is a good Templar, but a bad judge. We will say no more at present, as we have "other fish to fry."

An Englishman named Warman is reported to have been eaten by a crocodile, through the upsetting of a boat in Rhodesia. He would find his new place a *warm 'un*, even if he *rode easier* inside than out.

The Vicar of Tintwhistle has denounced the practice of kissing the bride at weddings in his church, as a foolish and irreverent custom. Surely that depends upon the kisser—and the bride. We have seen some whom we wouldn't give a tin-whistle for.

The Tory papers are saying that Mr. Haldane has failed at the War Office. Quite right. He has failed to please the other *auld anes* who hold on in Pall Mall. They will have to be hauled out.

The Eye of certain insects contains from 50 to 20,000 smaller eyes. During a recent seaside sojourn we arrived at a similar calculation in regard to their teeth.

The relieving officer of a Wiltshire Union has just taken his first holiday for thirty-eight years. Naturally, one who relieves others requires occasional relief, otherwise he wilts.

In the Isle of Wight a bird has made its nest in a workman's coat, hanging on the wall of a shed. Finding it to be his working coat the bird knew there was little chance of disturbance.

Exmouth magistrates added 5s. to a woman's fine last week because she was "so loquacious" in cross-examining the witnesses. Where's Asquith's knocker?

One of the Channel Swimmers is downhearted. "What's the use of trying with this 'ere coast erosion going on?" says he.

More Pooh Bah! The Simla Deputy-Commisioner is also president of the Municipal Committee, and in one capacity reports to himself in a Simla capacity. The two officials get on very well together.

An Old Man living near Hythe has incurred penalties amounting to £572 in regard to closing orders, his last residence being a fowl-house. A man's brains must be in an addled condition to choose such a place to sit or lay in, but perhaps somebody egged the poor old cock on to it.

A lady told Mr. Plowden she had obtained a protection order from "Mr. Demon" the previous week. The magistrate denied there was any such person, but surely he must remember his younger days, when he "devilled" for an eminent barrister?

Australia has more churches in proportion to population than any other country. Being "down under," we suppose they feel the danger more keenly than others.

Hall Caine is said to travel in search of local surroundings when engaged in writing a novel. We wonder where he went when writing "Drink"?

A bee-keeper, finding the top of the hive as warm as an incubator, is now utilising it by arranging his eggs thereon, separated from the bees by wool. Whether the eggs will contain honey or the bees wear egg-shells is doubtful at present.

A Massachusetts student kissed a girl at an inn, and on the landlord complaining, ducked him in a pond. The student was expelled from college, the water from the landlord. The only one who did any good out of the business appears to have been the girl.

Parts of the Essex coast, the Buxey Sands, are said to be travelling eastward; any one meeting them will find them most absorbing.

John Liska, of Bohemia, one of the greatest generals of the Middle Ages, was stone-blind. They say that several of our generals appear to be similarly afflicted.

Six French ladies have paid 50 francs each for the privilege of wearing male attire this year. Should the example spread, there is likely to be a rush to the tailoring trade.

Some hay-makers in Essex have found a pure white rook. No caws can be assigned for this.

A postcard, ordering a ton of coals, has been lying concealed in a post-office for fourteen years. The coals have been delivered, but the lady of the house complains of the delay, and says she had had half-a-mind to order them elsewhere.

One of the causes of colour blindness is said to be alcohol. After painting the town red, it frequently happens you find everything looking blue.

A clergyman advocates the attendance at church of "money changers," so that people can get change, and give something to the collection. A better way would be to establish a Bureau de Change of his own—and work off some of the buttons and bad shillings.

The Manchester Evening Chronicle of August 27th announced, under the heading of "To-day's Wills," that Mr. Frederick Horton, of Sutton Coldfield, died worth £18,371, and adds, "left in a motor for Abergeldie." We shall be glad to hear that he has arrived safely.

"*Welsh water* for Wales" wails Wales.

Burgess was eighteen hours in the sea, but what shall we say of the Dean of Ely who has taken to the Cornish See for the rest of his natural?

Peter Green, a Norwegian sailor, 92 years old, claims to be able to dance a hornpipe with any one. As there is a lot of hopping on just now, the challenge should not go a-begging.

At Preston railway station mushrooms 9 and 10 inches in circumference are said to be growing between the metals. We hope the sleepers will be disturbed, or they may ketchup and trip the trippers.

What the Esperanto people are saying. "Jonno Bullo esta la mosta besta papero! Wotto, Ho!"

Apples are so plentiful this year that they are being given to pigs. This will save time with the apple sauce.

Allsopp's is ailing.

Whatever the result of the Cuban Revolution may be the labours of the Havana people will end in smoke.

Somebody has written "it is partly our climate, and partly prejudice, that in England we have not yet learned to appreciate the open-air meal." Ask navvies. Who says *they* don't appreciate it.

General Booth's Motoring has led to the sincerest form of flattery—imitation—and he announces his intention of going in for ballooning—not *hulla*ballooning.

A newspaper last week had an article called "Maiden Ladies' Wills." That's all right, but what about "Maiden Ladies' Won'ts"?

The rumour that Despier and Despond were to be thrown to the Lyons is denied. Of course, it was as plain as A.B.C. to us, as we were possessed of Fuller information. There is no need to Slater company when it is down.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

Motto for chauffeurs: "The Quick and the Dead."

At Coney Island marriage seems to be quite a hobby. It is said that half a dozen couples, having lost their train, decided to get over the trouble by getting hitched up. Here is an idea for a lady when she misses the last 'bus.

The heading to a soap advertisement is "Washing in a Nutshell." This is joy to husbands, indeed.

The Town Clerk of Burton-on-Trent has received 8s. conscience money for a broken lamp after thirteen years. The light has dawned on the culprit at last. It's never too late to mend.

The Car Illustrated says the motor omnibus will tend to kill all the tubes. No doubt—particularly the bronchial kind.

The Czar's private physician finds that medical science as practised in Tibet is the same now as it was seven centuries before Christ. No wonder we are growing less religious!

Birmingham wishes to be made a military centre. More Protection!

Soap is going up in price. Water shame!

A young man was fined for kissing a girl against her will the other day. He was very wrong; but, after all, a pretty girl is an opportunity most of us like to embrace.

A curate sent a choir boy to tell a lady of the congregation that, as she was not wearing a hat, she must leave the church. Evidently he isn't one of those who believe that a woman's crowning glory is her hair.

"*Well*," said a tramway passenger the other morning, when he read the announcement that Burgess, having swam half-way across the Channel to France, turned round and swam back to England, "that takes the cake!" As a matter of fact Burgess only met an adverse current.

John Oliver Hobbes says: "A martyrdom nowadays would be called an advertisement." Precisely. That is why some of the suffragettes wanted six weeks for assaulting a policeman.

The Welsh Eisteddfod managers have a surplus of £15,000. "The police arrested only one man during the week," we read; and he does not seem to have been after the money.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour has risen up in defence of canned meat. "The basis of every expedition to the North Pole is Chicago canned meat," he says. That is why nobody ever gets there.

"*I don't see* why the parsons should go agin us so hard," said a coster, who complained of being moved from a local street market. "We're both of a trade. I mykes my livin' 'ollerin' ahtside, an' th'y mykes their livin' 'ollerin' inside."

A Lancashire vicar left out "obey" from the marriage service. The word is superfluous, for a woman never means what she says.

The Tsar has sent his children away. Poor little Tsardines!

The unemployed at Southend have threatened to pull down the railings at the local band-stand. We shall put our money on the band-stand railings.

Several newspapers lately headed their earthquake article, "Chili Still Shaking." But what of that! It is natural to shake when chilly.

During the late dry weather some of the London districts were threatened with a milk famine. The "cow with the iron tail" was running dry.

The following appeared in the *Tribune* at the height of the great heat "wave": "Holiday-making actors *having been driven back to London by the inclement weather*, all the members of the original caste of 'See-See' will appear this evening." In amazement we turned to the dictionary, and there found that, in addition to such definitions as "stormy" and "very cold," "inclement" was given as "unmerciful." Then we understood!

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

CURES

All those disorders of the stomach, Blood and Nerves which result from Indigestion—by curing the Indigestion itself—by removing the cause of all the trouble. Some of these miserable and misery-making troubles are: Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Backache, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Intense Nervousness, Flatulency, Giddiness, Palpitation. This great Standard Remedy tones the whole system, purifies the Blood, braces up the Nerves, stimulates the action of the Liver, restores lost appetite and the power to sleep and makes life worth living to those who had been in despair.

And it does all this by regulating and assisting the Stomach and Liver, so that good digestion is restored.

INDIGESTION

Mrs. Mary Chambers, of 82, Commercial Road, Grantham, on Nov. 28, 1905, wrote: "My husband and I have benefited so much from using Mother Seigel's Syrup that I must tell you about it. We have both suffered much from indigestion in time past, but we are quite well now, and the credit is all due to Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used to have such dreadful pains after food that I was really afraid to eat. When I did eat, the food seemed to turn to wind, and then the pain began—it was awful. I tried many things, but got no better until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. My husband was affected in much the same way, but his suffering was perhaps severer than mine. However, knowing the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I got him to take it, and it cured him as it had cured me."

BILIOUSNESS

Mrs. Elizabeth Morley Robinson, of 1, Albert St., Hucknall, Notts, began to suffer from indigestion six years ago. She could find no relief for six months. Then she used Mother Seigel's Syrup, and three bottles cured her. In a letter dated Nov. 27, 1905, she says: "It came on first with a dull, spiritless feeling. I generally got up with my tongue all coated. Soon I began to have pain at the stomach after food, and this got worse and worse till it was really dreadful. I tried various things, and had endured this misery for six months or more when I first thought of trying Mother Seigel's Syrup. Well, it did me good from the first dose almost, and after three bottles I was quite cured."

CONSTIPATION

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS THE WORLD'S REMEDY.

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

B. M. P. (Westcliff-on-Sea) complains that the Employment Bureau of the London Chamber of Commerce took his 15s. for putting his name down, and beyond asking for another 2s. 6d. to keep it on the list, did nothing at all for him. He thinks this quite as bad as the conduct of the Employers' General Bureau, of 96, High Holborn, to which we referred in a recent issue. We hardly think that the remark applies.

A READER (London) sends us a copy of a remarkable agreement which has to be signed by the employees of Gamage and Co. when they go away for their holidays, and also complains that they are very much overworked, especially at sale seasons and Christmas time—"frequently putting in thirty-six hours at a stretch, more than once in a week," without any overtime money. We shall be glad to have the firm's version of the matter.

A. L. (Manchester) thinks that as a fellow Progressive M.P. we ought not to permit any attacks upon Tay Pay. We must refer him to our Motto.

J. W. B. (Ryburn) is reminded by our reference to the "Two Worlds" of an incident in his own experience where a lady had had a visit from the spirit of a German dyer, revealing the secret of his trade. J. W. B. is also a dyer, and was much amused to see the revelation put to practical test, with the result that the red dye came out black.

J. E. W. (Llangennech, Wales) has a violin with the following label on the inside, "Antonius Stradivarius. Cremona Facibat Anno 1721." He asks if it is of any special value. We have forwarded his letter to the Violin Oracle of the *People's Friend*, published in Dundee. I have no doubt our enterprising contemporary will reply to his question. Of course, there are an enormous number of spurious "Strads" knocking about.

ANOTHER LAWYER (Holland Park) thinks our recent article on "The Folly of Going to Law" somewhat over-painted. After calling our attention to an obvious printer's error in a Latin quotation, he denies that special fees for counsel ever exceed fifty guineas. We were not using the term *special* in its technical sense, but were rather thinking of such fees as would be demanded by Mr. Rufus Isaacs and other leading counsel. He reminds us that the fees of juries are fixed by law—but that does not alter the fact that they frequently apply for special remuneration during the progress of a lengthy case, and that it is always considered desirable on both sides to accede to their request. We are sorry we do not see our way to modify the article.

PRETORIA directs our attention to the recent execution of three Chinese coolies, and suggests that this is a more practical method of solving the labour problem than by incurring repatriation expenses. But what about the victims of these coolies? The sooner the whole thing is ended the better.

F. L. (West Dulwich) sends us cuttings from the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun*, in one of which it is stated that the Hon. Mr. Lyndhurst Bruce is a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, while the other states that he holds a commission in the Scots Guards. We believe the former is the correct statement.

F. H. W. C. (Cape of Good Hope) is another welcome correspondent from distant shores. He tells us to keep our eye on the South African Rugby team—colours, dark green and gold—and he asks Mr. Keir Hardie not to interfere in South African home affairs. What does "Censor" say to this?

F. G. sent Lovegrove and Co. £10 in July, 1901, for their "First Favourite System," and has not "seen the colour of it since." He thanks us for our exposure of this firm.

E. P. (Patrington) sends us an interesting cutting from the *Eastern Morning News* about a mushroom case. We have awarded the magistrate one of our world-famed biscuits.

R. B. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) has also been molested by the circulars of the "M. A. Winter Co." We refer him to an answer in our last issue. The thing is a palpable fraud.

N. R. G. wants to know what has become of that "second list of prize-winners" promised by the "Empire Soap" people at the end of May last. We agree with him that respectable papers ought not to insert advertisements of these prize competitions without being first thoroughly satisfied of their bona-fides.

CENSOR takes us very severely to task for speaking of Mr. Zulu Hardie, and for occasionally using the term "nigger." He thinks that the "decline and fall of the British nation has begun"; it has "forsaken God and high ideals," and Keir Hardie reminds him "of the long ago." If we remember rightly, "Zulu Hardie" was a "Bull's Eye," so "Censor" must not be too severe upon us. But "nigger," we admit, is a term to be avoided. We won't, in future, even speak of "a nigger on the fence." We will say "a subject of the King, with dark skin and woolly hair—and a human soul." Seriously, we agree that there has been much "to give us pause" in this Natal business. But the "black question" is not the least item in the "white man's burden."

CHRISTIAN (Brighton) writes: "Can you point to any nation in the world which has prospered without religious teaching in its schools?" Has "Christian" ever heard of Japan? Secular education has been the rule there for nearly fifty years. And Japan is our ally, remember.

W. T. M. (Lewes) sends us a lot more newspaper cuttings relating to applications for exemption certificates under the Vaccination Act. W. T. M. may take it from us that the President of the Local Government Board has the matter well in hand, and that the whole subject of vaccination will be placed upon a more satisfactory footing very shortly.

J. D. (Glasgow) works at an asylum supported by public charity, and he hopes that some day JOHN BULL will look into the way in which employees of charitable institutions are treated—"barely enough to live on," he says. We are afraid that many people who have the management of such places are too apt to forget that "charity begins at home."

P. R. S. (Catford) forwards us an interesting batch of letters from Kidd and Co., a firm of plausible Indiana quacks, whose representative over here appears to be G. Marshall, of Saracen Buildings, Snow Hill, E.C. Our readers should give these people a wide berth.

H. S. (Exeter) has taken the trouble to collate a large assortment of suspicious advertisement from *The People*, showing how certain firms ring the changes upon one and the same address in order to conceal their identity. We do wish that some of our contemporaries would exercise a little more vigilance over their advertisements—especially those appealing to working people.

J. G. D. (Nottingham), who, like many others, is working hard to get us new readers, says a man he knows owed 4s. for coals. The coal merchant issued a County Court summons, the man admitted the debt, and was ordered to pay 2s. a month and 2s. costs. That is to say, 50 per cent. was added to his debt. That is nothing. It is more often 100 per cent. Who will propose Free Law Courts for the poor?

P. J. A. D. (West Kensington) draws our attention to the views expressed by several County Court Judges in favour of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, which, under the guise of committal for contempt of court, is still a very real institution in this country. We hope that before this Parliament is ended an Act may be passed dealing with this glaring scandal.

J. H. S. (Northampton) tells us that his son, seeing an advertisement of the "Imperial Trading Co., 198, King Street, Hammersmith," telling him that "5s. only sent to-day *immediately secures* £6 13s. 6d. machine *carriage paid to your door*," sent the 5s., but was then informed that the 5s. had been placed to his credit, and that "when he had paid 60s. the bicycle would be sent." They decline to return the deposit. J. H. S. should insist upon its immediate return, and let us know if he doesn't get it.

H. S. (Newark) asks our opinion of a bicycle advertisement—one of the "must be sold" order—which has appeared in the papers for about six months. This machine appears to belong to Mr. Husband, Chargrove House, Ashcombe Road, Weston-super-Mare. He says "cash urgently wanted." It must be, after all he has spent on advertisements. H. S. hopes that JOHN BULL will be "read in every home." We are pleased to say it is getting on that way.

H. E. H. F. (Shepherd's Bush) is down on us again—this time in defence of Lord Kitchener. Well, we like to set people talking, and we don't mind admitting that now and then we slightly overdo things with that object in view. Of course, Lord Kitchener did very well, in the end, in both Egypt and Africa, but that doesn't make him a Wellington or a Nelson. We can only hope that H. E. H. F.'s hero-worship of our Bachelor General will never receive a rude shock.

C. L. (Adelaide) tells us that JOHN BULL has already caught on out there. He also tells us that in Australian football you can "kick a behind"—a "behind" being "the point by reason of the ball being kicked either side of the goal posts and a boundary post." Of course, the phrase lends itself to many adaptations, and C. L. sends us a picture postcard representing its application to an amateur poet who is depicted in the act of leaving the editorial office at a great speed by means of posterior propulsion supplied by the editor's boot.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

R. C. (Lewisham) has been working like a Trojan on behalf of JOHN BULL ever since its first appearance, and fears that his constant references to, and quotations from, it are gradually undermining his own personality. We can do with a few more readers like R. C. He seems pretty certain of getting one of those £5 notes.

J. PAULI (Vicar of Audley) is "agonised and horrified" at the blasphemous tract referred to in our last issue, and he trusts that "wisdom and common-sense may be granted to these sort of religious tradesmen."

G. K. H. (Carlisle) thinks the insertion of a sporting article a blot on JOHN BULL. He forgets, however, that we cater for all sections of the community, and recognising, as we do, that a large section of our readers do take an interest in racing matters, we prefer to do our best to keep them out of the hands of swindling "tipsters" and "bookmakers," feeling that in this way we are rendering a public service.

M. D. (Stoke) writes: "I have just had a friend in playing his banjo, and after he had done I read him some 'Bull's Eyes,' and he is going to subscribe regularly to the paper."

H. E. (Islington).—We already have the early copies to which you refer.

H. R. H. (Lavender Hill), in further justification of the achievements of the Government during the past session, reminds us that it was "compelled to bring in a highly-contentious Education Bill in return for the great support rendered by Nonconformists at the last election." That is exactly our complaint.

F. M. (Cheshire) is pleased with our reference to the Spanish "Modern School," and is having the same reproduced in some of the French and Spanish papers. We trust this may have the effect of preventing the grave scandal at which we hinted.

OPTIMISTIC (Aberdeen).—We have nothing to add to our answer to "Heath," beyond wishing you luck. The operations of our JOHN BULL Investment Trust are conducted upon totally different lines.

SCEPTICAL sends us a mass of literature relating to a Yankee concern called the Nutriola Chemical Company, whose "preparations solve the problem of long life and perfect health," and who also issue a "Guide to Full Pockets." After glancing over these documents we have consigned them to the waste-paper basket.

W. J. H. (Burnley) was shocked when he read the preliminary announcement of our great Christmas-box scheme. We hope that after reading the full details he will approve of the idea.

RAP (Manchester), who is delighted with JOHN BULL, asks whether it is a fact that Birmingham sends seven Protectionists to Parliament, and at the same time allows its Corporations to lay down tramway lines made in Germany. Alas! it is.

CONSTANT READER (Willesden).—Take no notice of the circular in question. He is a moneylender's tout.

W. S. (Bayswater).—You will see we had already called attention to the error.

TAXPAYER (Albemarle Street) objects to be bombarded by circulars from Farrow's Bank, Limited, asking for deposits, and making use of the name of Sir George Lewis, who is stated to be the bank's solicitor. We will call the attention of Sir George to the matter.

G. A. T. (London), who describes himself as a chartered accountant and auditor, thinks we have overstated the duties of auditors, in dealing with the accounts of Waring and Gillow. With all respect, we think not. What is so often forgotten is that the primary duty of an auditor of a joint stock company is towards the shareholders. We quite agree that the law on the subject is in need of codification. And if Waring and Gillow's accounts don't bring this about—well, nothing will.

THE REV. B. G. BOURCHIER, M.A. (Hebden Bridge) thinks our description of that "Jesus and Co." tract quite justified, and regards the publication as "revolting and horrible." He would like to ask the parties responsible, "By what authority do you these things?" The answer, he thinks, must surely be, "By the power of the evil one."

A. J. C. (Newton Abbot) protests against the way "Tay Pay" pours the oil over his pages, and directs our attention to some paragraphs about little Phyllis Dare, who has gone back to school, at Brussels, and who actually has hair "down her back." The natives say that she is "très gentille" and "tout naturelle" in her voice. "Her youth, her freshness, the *hair down the back*, were the characteristics mentioned with wonder"! She may be seen "eating blackberries in the fields and playing in the midst of her comrades, *on the piano*." Oh, Tay Pay, Tay Pay!

E. S. (Sydenham), in forwarding us one of the British Watch Company's "Dear Friend" letters, tells us how much he likes JOHN BULL, "because it has no love *and rot of that sort* in it."

"SCREETONIAN" (Leeds) wishes us to warn our readers against a bicycle advertisement of Ironmonger and Co., of Ilkeston. It is on a par with most advertisements of this class, but it has this distinguishing feature—it is illustrated with the figure of a policeman, crying "Stop." Looks like a Missing Word Competition!

WILLIAM MARTIN, a money-lender, of 16, Norfolk Street, Sunderland, in advertising his business, quotes a passage from our recent article "A Word for the Money-lender," and quotes it in such a way as almost to make it appear that we had given a special certificate to his business. For aught we know, Mr. Martin may be a most respectable man, but we shall be glad, all the same, if he will kindly omit the name of the editor from his advertisements.

F. C. H. (Cardiff) thinks our "Shams" series should include a reference to the methods adopted by certain publishers, and asks whether we know of a "Building Trades' Directory," published in London by F. Boyce, whose representative is in Cardiff just now collecting subscriptions. Yes, we know this so-called publication very well. The name of Boyce is notorious in connection with bogus directories, and some two years ago a person bearing it was charged, in conjunction with other people, with directory frauds—ultimately receiving a sentence of twelve months' hard labour.

P. Y. (Harlesden) writes us a long and interesting letter on the subject of legal reform, with several suggestions for amendment of the present procedure. Inasmuch, however, as he speaks of the "crass ignorance" of the Master of the Rolls, and suggests that his judgment in the West Riding case was dictated by a desire to please the Government, we are afraid we must be cautious in attaching weight to P.Y.'s views upon more technical points.

O. B. T. (London, W.C.) criticises our recent article on the folly of going to law. There is force in some of his remarks, but he is a lawyer, and stands up for his profession. He also says that he has noticed "one or two egregious passages" in our articles on the Bankruptcy Laws, but "as they were not pretended to be written by a lawyer" he has let them pass. It may interest O. B. T. to know that these articles are written by a very eminent lawyer, and one of the leading authorities upon bankruptcy.

BRITON (Ealing) thinks it monstrous he should now have to pay 9d. return fare from South Kensington, instead of 8d. as previously, and asks why should he pay the Mansion House fare when travelling only two-thirds of the distance? Echo answers, why?

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON wishes it to be understood that he is in no way responsible for "The Letters of Algy" now appearing in *London Opinion*. Personally we never suspected him.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS
Drink and Drug Habits Cured at home, in 3 to 7 weeks, by the
Telegrams: Turvert, London. TURVEY TREATMENT Telephone 5494 Gerrard.
Publicly tested before Medical Committee (see Press Report). The Treatment entails no inconvenience and, in addition to entirely eradicating the crave for Alcohol or Drugs, has a most beneficial effect on the patient's health. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." *Truth* states: "Has had really good effects." Resident patients also taken. Consultations, personal or by letter, without charge. The medicine for each case is prepared by a Qualified English Doctor and can be sent to any part of the world.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED 40-PAGE TREATISE (FREE), OR CALL.
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THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A POSITIVE CURE for

CONSTIPATION,
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BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
SICKNESS,
ANÆMIA,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
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ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

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"**REVEILLE**" **PILLS** are sold by most chemists at **1/1½** and **2/9** per box. If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Reveille" Pills, send P.O. to the Proprietors, and a box will be sent by return, post paid.

FREE SAMPLE.

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FREE DEEDS.
NO LAW COSTS.
NO SURVEY FEES.

IN KENT, THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

200 yards from **MAIN LINE STATION**, and about an **HOUR** from **LONDON**.
Every reader of **JOHN BULL** has the splendid opportunity of

BECOMING A FREEHOLDER FOR 5/-.

He can also have

A PRETTY WEEK END BUNGALOW FOR £105.

Write for full particulars of above and large illustrated book of estates in eleven different counties, or call

HOMESTEADS LTD. (R.), 27, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

It Seems So.

Can it be true that *some* stewards only come to meetings for their lunch—and to occupy the best places on the stand?

Two Kinds.

There are "outside" as well as the ordinary stewards of a meeting, and the field men sum up the situation and folk (although they cannot act) very much quicker and more to the point.

A Catch.

Notice how a bookmaker at the opening of betting, when he wishes to lay you a cramped, false price, offers it in a whisper, as if it was a favour—and something to be kept dark.

Wheels within Wheels.

There are many ways of obtaining free annual passes to race meetings. Executives have been known to award (or to promise them) to men who "run up" the prices of selling plate winners.

Ask the Starter.

The worst sort of horses under the gate are those which stand absolutely still and then whip round as the barrier goes up. Fidgetty ones on their toes invariably get off—somehow.

"Crook" Rules.

It is really extraordinary how many reasons there are through which backers, after finding a winner at starting price, are not on. It is even so at times with the straightest of S.P. firms, but, of course, the numerous wrong 'uns find every possible excuse, and seem to have rules to "fit every case," framed with such idea. An expected good win of a backer is frequently found to be void by the fact that either the message was unsigned, or handed in a minute too late, that the bookmaker was "not betting at the meeting," or by some such hundred and one explanations.

They've been "Charged."

Despite the competition for business, several leading S.P. merchants have been hit so hard of late seasons that they have had to charge commission. And rather than not be paid, plenty of good men among backers have been content to abide by the rule. But so that it shall not hit little backers, to whom it is not intended to apply, Mr. Robt. Masters has decided not to charge commission on investments up to £2—a rare boon to small punters.

Objections.

Apropos of protests, I am always endeavouring—perhaps too much so—to suggest to various executives trifling matters which affect the public good. I can claim, anyhow, to have brought about the posting at almost all race meetings nowadays of the distances by which races are won. Those present are surely entitled to know without waiting until they read a report of the proceedings what happened under their noses. My suggestion that the starting-prices should be similarly exhibited is vetoed by the fact that the Jockey Club do not allow it owing to their ostrich-like attitude in professing not to recognise betting. Yet for this very express purpose they create enclosures and collect charges, furthermore driving everybody who wants to bet into one of the stands. The *Sportsman*, however, has of late put up the S.P. as a private undertaking.

A Suggestion.

My latest idea is that in the event of objections, the ground of such should be similarly posted on the boards in addition to the mere word "objection." Frequently these protests mean a very great deal to backers—and anyhow there is always considerable betting upon the result. People who have backed the winner want to hedge to cover their money, while those on the second will probably try to save their stake in the event of the protest being over-ruled. Bookmakers somehow or another always seem very rapidly and very fully aware of the ground of objection, and bet accordingly, so why should not backers—who have paid an equal amount for admission to the meeting, be allowed to know how matters stand so as to regulate their investments? Which will be the first among the many competitive executives to accept the hint to provide for their patrons? The appreciation will be immense, the advantage unquestionable, and the cost but a few coppers for the boards to be prepared ready, as invariably there are only three or four channels in which objections lie.

A Backer's Complaint.

One of the greatest troubles of those attending race meetings is to be able to do two things—both equally important—viz., to bet, and then to see the race. The latter is in itself almost impossible at some gatherings—such as Alexandra Park on Saturday—unless one goes very high up on the stand or roof extremely early. It is an absolute impracticability to get there after the numbers have gone up, and anyhow, having got there once, it would then be utterly impossible to get down again to bet. But what I am alluding to more generally—apart from crowded holiday occasions and on really "big" dates, like a Leger day—is the trouble which even the regulars have of seeing minor races. If occupied on the level until the start, and then endeavouring to get some sort of position to be able to see the race, we always find that the first two or three tiers of the stand are occupied either by bookmakers, who have a permanent pitch there, or by onlookers who, in lieu of going higher up in the order of taking up their places, invariably glue themselves to the lower steps. This means that while there is invariably ample room for everybody wasted at the back of them, the solid phalanx of the first two or three tiers prevents anybody getting through, and even an attempt to do so only provokes unpleasantness and very often abuse. A little consideration and give and take with less "self" about it would be better for everybody in turn, and, anyhow, executives should help matters and forbid bookmakers trading right in the mouth of an entrance, or exit, or on the steps of a stand where the occupants are ebbing and flowing. They would also remedy the present state of affairs by providing a gangway up the steps, either in the centre or at each end of the stand and see that such gangways are kept clear.

The Turf in a "Bad Way."

It is an admitted fact that racing was never in a worse state, due to innumerable influences, some of

CHARING CROSS BANK.

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28, Bedford-Street, Charing-Cross, W.C., and
39 Bishopsgate-Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Cardiff, Southampton, Plymouth, etc.
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2½ per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
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" 12 " " " 7 "
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The Terminable Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 36 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
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The OLDEST ESTABLISHED & MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM of TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.

The St. Leger, Kempton Park Duke of York Stakes, Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

Double and Treble Events, S.P., and Accumulatives at S.P., &c
The Continental Sportsman, containing latest market movements on above, also Year Book and Ready Reckoner, sent free on receipt of Foreign Post Card containing name and Address.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
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which are beyond human control. Like trade, it might be said that the Turf has never quite recovered from the war, seeing what immense support our soldiers always give to racing—more especially steeplechasing. Bad times, too, help to detract from one's pleasures, for people really haven't the money nowadays to do as they used, or would wish to. £ s. d., in fact, is tight all round. But a much more serious loss to the Turf has been the death of so many wealthy influential men who run big stables, not with the idea of making money, or even making it pay, but whose incomes allowed them to lose some thousands a year for the pleasure of supporting racing, as owners—and probably also breeders—of bloodstock, and for that indescribable gratification (for which we all have to pay) of seeing one's colours in front. Retrospect and record are of no avail, but the places of the late Prince Soltykoff, Sir Blundell Maple, Col. McCalmont, Mr. Chas. Perkins, and several others are really impossible to fill. The need, therefore, is for young blood, and we certainly have a slight smattering of such, although, mayhap, the incomers are not playing the game in the same groove as those above mentioned, or in the spirit which a generation back the splendid aristocracy were supposed to support the Turf. It is a thousand pities that such a fine young sportsman as Lord Gerard should, by an unfortunate circumstance, eschew the Turf—more especially as he was keen on race riding, and would have been a very fine supporter of steeplechasing. Nowadays we have too little of proper help to jumping, and very much too little of "owners up" to impart the proper spirit, zest and true amateurism into the game. Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, in his one season's racing, has already come to be regarded, with justification, as a very shrewd young man, who does not go in wholesale for ownership, but buys a "ready-made" one or two, here and there. As to his pluck in "putting it down," the ring have more than once felt a draught. He really began prominently as a matchmaker, winning two such races last autumn. Over one—Mistle, at Doncaster—he was reported to have "picked up" some £7,000—the mare herself being worth about £200. Quite recently, at Windsor, his success with Royal Romance in a £100 plate, brought him in four figures three or four times over; the gelding being backed from 8 to 1 to "evens," and rounded off a pretty plunge by cantering in front all the way. With Fred Pratt as trainer and adviser, there is every likelihood of the blue and yellow chevrons doing well in this class of racing, even if a better than Beppo is not found to carry the colours in future classic and weight-for-age events.

The Bat and the Silk Jacket.

Mayhap the most popular of all newcomers on the Turf is Lord Dalmeny, Captain of the Surrey XI., for he, too, does not hesitate to put it down, and has usually picked it up again, too. He goes in more liberally for horses, both as to their breed and quality, and has Sam Darling at his back to pick out what he should try and tell him when he can bet. It does not always come off when the sage of Beckhampton expects it, but it is "usually" pretty safe policy to be rowing in with the stable when they do fancy theirs. Ramrod, for instance, has been a very lucky, successful performer this year (mayhap a Cesarewitch is not beyond him) and Rocketter is another instance. It is, of course, very easy to see what means, influences, and channels of information are at the back of these "young bloods," for not alone do their trainers have the care of several other people's good horses, but the man who trains for their fathers, or their relatives, or their friends, is almost equally bound to answer their questions.

More "Novices."

The stage has given us Mr. G. P. Huntley as one of the latest among owners, while Nicholas J. Wood, although not deriving his wealth, or popularity, from the footlights, is not unknown in "Gaiety land." He has come to the Turf after two or three seasons as quite a leading owner in the trotting world, and is a fine young sportsman—who, if his capital only lasts and his patience is only ample—will assuredly see the mauve and black quartered, carried for many seasons by useful horses. But it is not likely that Hallick will advise him to go out of his depth or out of his class in regard to what they buy, run, or back.

The Future.

It is too late to deal properly with Doncaster, and Alexandra Park is unworthy of notice or speculative interest. These we must go over patiently and passively until next week, when those correspondents as yet unanswered will be answered.

THE BACKERS' DIRECTORY.

G. F. SMITH,
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"TIMIDITY, LONDON."

W. H. SAUNDERS'
Telegraphic Address is
"PLASTERING, LONDON."

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"The Turf Record"
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The most liberal terms of any responsible bookmaker in the world.
Neatly bound note-book, book of rules, and copy of the most up-to-date and comprehensive price list published, gratis and post free on receipt of name and address. A £25,000 Double Event book is being made on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, the covering money being deposited in Consols.
NO Deductions.
Commission charged.
All particulars free on application to THOMAS HENRY DEY, Middelburg, Holland.

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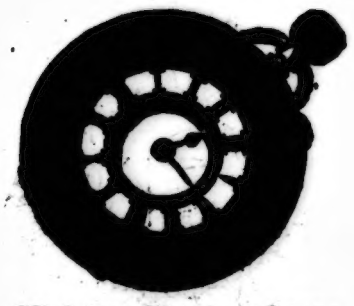

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